Peace in Finland *An Editorial Article*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS
March 19, 1940

Why I Won't Resign from the ACLU

by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn

Great Britain Expects FDR To Do His Duty

by Morris Kamman

Generations

A Story by Alfred J. Brenner

CARTOONS BY GROPPER, RICHTER, JOHNSON, AND OTHERS

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THE EDITORS.

THE NM Readers League is wasting no time indeed. They are hard at work on a preview benefit for NM, Friday night, April 5. The play is *Medicine Show*. The authors are H. R. Hays and Oscar Saul, The place: New Yorker Theater. *Medicine Show*, a living newspaper play, deals with the problem close to 130,000,000 Americans—public health and medical practice in the USA. Tickets, scaled at 55 and 83 cents, $1.10, and $1.65, are available at our offices.

Artists have traditionally been among the most ardent warriors on behalf of NM and 1940 is no exception. On April 7, Sunday afternoon and evening, at the ACA Galleries, 50 West 8th St., N. Y. C., they will once again show their devotion to a magazine that nurtured some of the greatest craftsmen in the land. They will run a "Bill of Rights" Art Auction for the benefit of this magazine. The NM Readers League is sponsoring the show, as one of its initial efforts on behalf of their publication. The honorary sponsoring committee includes Herman Baron, director of the ACA Galleries, Rockwell Kent, Kunyoshi, Max Weber, Harry Gottlieb, Joe Jones, William Gropper, Redfield. The auctioneer will begin his work at 2:30 sharp; among those who are expected to handle the gavel are Elliot Paul and William Blake. They promise you an original by your favorite artist at a cost suitable for the pocketbook of an NM reader. Included will be a sale of original mss. by Richard Wright, Anna Louise Strong, John Strachey, John L. Spivak, Upton Sinclair and others.

Who's Who

MORRIS KAMMAN'S writings have appeared in NM and other progressive periodicals. . . . Douglas Warner is the pseudonym of an English journalist now studying at an American university. . . . Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is a member of the National Committee of the Communist Party, USA. . . . Marc Frank is NM's correspondent in Mexico. . . . John Arnold is on the staff of the *Morning Freiheit*. . . . Alfred J. Brenner, a young short story writer, has contributed several book reviews to NM. . . . Edwin Berry Burgum is an editor of *Science and Society*. . . . Isidor Schneider, a former literary editor of NM, is the author of *From the Kingdom of Necessity*. . . . John Stuart was co-author with Bruce Minton of *Men Who Lead Labor* and a forthcoming book, *The Fat Years and the Lean*. . . . Grace Hutchins is on the editorial staff of Labor Research Association. . . . Ralph Ellison, who has written articles and reviews for NM before, is a young Negro writer.

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NEW MASSES

VOLUME XXXIV MARCH 19, 1940 NUMBER 13

Britain Expects FDR To Do His Duty

The British imperialists brought Woodrow Wilson into line. How they did it. Colonel House and his mission. Is FDR's Welles doing the same job?

ALMOST immediately upon the outbreak of the First World War a J. P. Morgan partner, Henry P. Davison, telephoned the U. S. State Department and asked if the government would approve a loan to one of the Allied powers. Secretary of State Bryan took up the question with his undersecretary, Robert Lansing, and with President Wilson. They agreed that if loans were permitted, the bankers would use their influence and the press to build up sentiment in America for an Allied victory, completely shattering neutrality. Bryan issued a statement that "loans by American bankers to any foreign nation which is at war are inconsistent with the true spirit of neutrality." The warring powers could buy all they wished in America, but only on a cash basis.

THE ROAD TO WAR

Two months later, still in 1914, Wilson reversed himself. The so-called cash neutrality policy was discarded. The Morgan interests had gone to work on Wilson's confidential adviser, Col. E. M. House, Lansing, and Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, the President's future son-in-law, to press Wilson into permitting short-term credits to the Allies. By playing on the President's pro-British bias, known to his intimates, and by insisting that without such credits the Allies would not patronize American industry, they persuaded Wilson to yield. His clandestine approval of the Morgan plan was only brought to light a few years ago by the Nye committee investigating munitions.

The short-term credit policy worked for about a year, and even then it was not strictly adhered to. Most of the Allied purchases were covered by British securities. These kept piling up in the Morgan vaults. After about a year, Wilson was approached again. The Allies could not or would not redeem these securities. If Morgan sold them on the market, the British pound would sag. Great Britain would have to curtail its purchases in America. This would be followed by a depression. There was only one solution, insisted Wall Street and its supporters close to the President: to permit the House of Morgan to float long-term credits for the Allies.

The House of Morgan, informed in a coded message that Wilson had again yielded, immediately floated a $500,000,000 British bond issue. Allied buying mounted and American manufacture of munitions and armaments quickened. The flow of blood on the European battlefields also quickened. Before very long, it was to come from American youth as well.

COLONEL HOUSE, *Woodrow Wilson's chief brain-truster and imperialist finagler. On his trip to Europe in 1915 he made the commitments that helped bring the United States into the First World War.*

SUMNER WELLES. *Is he following in Colonel House's footsteps in his negotiations in London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome? Welles' record both as ambassador to Cuba and as undersecretary of state hardly qualifies him for the role of angel of peace.*

WAR IT IS!

For the third time, Wilson was told by his advisers that the Allies were up against it and that American industry, completely geared by now to the war market, was heading for disaster. From London, Walter Hines Page, American ambassador to Britain, sent Wilson a panicky cable:

> Financial conditions [in England] disclose an international situation which is most alarming to the financial and industrial outlook of the United States . . . Great Britain and France must have a credit in the United States which will be large enough to prevent the collapse of world trade and the whole financial structure of Europe . . . The pressure of this approaching crisis, I am certain, has gone beyond the ability of the Morgan financial agency for the British and French governments . . . no more considerable credits can be privately placed in the United States. In the meantime a collapse may come.

The only solution, Page made clear, was the extension of vast credits. "Of course," he told the President, "we cannot extend such a credit unless we go to war with Germany . . ."

In plain language, additional loans could be put over only if the United States government saddled them on the masses. To do that it was first necessary to go to war.

As soon as war was declared, the government floated the huge Liberty Loans. Where "patriotic" propaganda failed to put them over, vigilante bands arose to club or tar and feather people until they shelled out. From the proceeds of the first Liberty Loan, Morgan was paid every cent the Allies owed him. With the secret approval of Colonel House, McAdoo, and President Wilson, he returned the British securities to their English owners. It was a royal gift to the British lords from the American laborer, farmer, and office worker, from man, woman and child. Only, we did not know about our generous present until the Nye committee, two decades after the war, found it out. The British nobility still has not acknowledged our generosity. Through taxation, we Americans, employed and unemployed, are still paying for it, as well as for the additional debts which the Allied imperialists piled up on the debit sheets

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of the U. S. Treasury, after Wilson put us into the war.

Page's cable to the President was dated March 5, 1917, about a month before Wilson announced that we were at war. Germany's resumption of unrestricted submarine warfare happened to come in handy. It enabled Wilson, by condemning Germany's blockade of the seas, to declare war on this "moral" issue—which, we shall presently see, was as fraudulent as the so-called cash neutrality policy.

WAR ON NEUTRALS

By her blockade, Great Britain wrecked the trade of neutrals, including that of the United States. This is happening again. While approving Wilson's condemnation of the German submarine blockade, American farmers, shippers, and the population in general demanded that our government equally condemn British interference with our trade and mails. Wilson had no alternative; he had to make some protest to Great Britain. A note was prepared, but before giving it his final approval Wilson showed it to Colonel House. Ex-banker, wealthy landowner, with prominent connections in Wall Street, this Southern "colonel" had pulled the strings by which Wilson was elected to the Presidency. House, like his chief, wanted an Allied victory. As Wilson's personal adviser he was permitted, although he held no office, to handle America's foreign affairs with such a free hand that the Department of State became a decorative institution. We must go, not to the archives of the State Department but to *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House,* for the documents which reveal the real nature of America's wartime foreign policy under Wilson.

Like Sumner Welles, State Department aristocrat appointed by President Roosevelt as our Noah's dove seeking "peace," House was sent by Wilson to Europe supposedly to arrange a peace conference among the warring powers. House's peace mission, on which he shuttled between America and Europe, was a mess of intrigue for entangling the American people in the war. Today Welles is on the same sort of mission. Through House, Wilson reached a secret agreement with the British government early in 1916, before he ran for reelection on the slogan "He Kept Us Out of War"; this agreement pledged us to fight for a British triumph over Germany.

SOOTHING THE ENGLISH

When Colonel House read the note intended to protest against the British blockade, he advised Wilson to hold it back a while. House took a copy to Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, British ambassador at Washington, who squawked that the note was too strong; if published, it would offend the British rulers. House and Wilson then softened the wording. But Sir Cecil still thought that its language would encourage Germany. Again the note was softened; only when the British ambassador approved it did Wilson permit its dispatch to London! There the note was methodically filed.

This sort of trickery was possible only as long as the American people were kept excited by the campaign against Germany's unrestricted submarine attacks on shipping. When the German imperialists, fearful of precipitating American entry into the war, curbed their submarines, the British blockade again came into the foreground. The British Navy had not ceased its interference with American trade and mails. Cotton and grain, intended for shipment to neutral ports, piled up on the piers and in warehouses of our Atlantic and Southern ports. Nor did Britain allow shipment of dyestuffs from Germany to the United States.

As early as May 1915, Colonel House informed Sir Edward Grey, British foreign minister, that the situation was critical. Wilson was being pressed by the agricultural and dye interests to retaliate with an arms embargo against Great Britain. The British ambassador at Washington cabled to Sir Edward that he might "expect a pretty strong communication" from Wilson. Not one but a number of "strong" communications were dispatched to London. The American people were treated to a drama which left a surface impression that President Wilson and his State Department were giving the snooty British aristocracy plenty of hell for seizing our ships and mails.

BRITAIN BEFORE AMERICA

But in the intimacy of his Cabinet meetings Wilson said firmly, when informed of the tremendous public anger against Britain, "Gentlemen, the Allies are standing with their backs to the wall fighting wild beasts. I will permit nothing to be done by our country to hinder or embarrass them in the prosecution of the war . . ."

The controversy with the British government was permitted to drag on and on. To Wilson's "strong" notes, Britain sent delayed and evasive replies which gave the President opportunities for dispatching additional strong notes. The farce went on, with the press acclaiming Wilson as a knight in the solid and shining armor of 100 percent neutrality.

Germany's desperate resumption of her unrestricted submarine warfare to counteract the rigid Allied blockade was hopefully anticipated by the British Foreign Office. The records show that Sir Edward, for reasons which will be explained later, wanted Wilson to declare war against Germany on the submarine question. With the conniving of Ambassador Page, Colonel House, and Secretary of State Lansing, with the cooperation of the President himself, the British imperialists were able to determine even the issue on which we were to be dragged into the slaughter.

To this day, the myth persists that Wilson fathered the League of Nations. Actually, it was hatched in the British Foreign Office. In his diary, Colonel House mentions that in April 1915, while he was in London, Sir Edward Grey suggested the idea to him. Such a League was to be established after the Allies had licked their enemy. Right now, like a very bad penny indeed, the same idea has again emanated from England, but under another name: a "Federated Europe."

Propaganda for the League of Nations was begun very shortly after Sir Edward Grey suggested it to Colonel House in April 1915. In England, the "League of Nations Society" was organized by leading intellectuals, among them Lord Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth,* whose vouching for the authenticity of the Belgian atrocity stories helped greatly in putting these fabrications across.

In America, the League to Enforce Peace flowered on June 17, 1915. Its organizers included ex-President William Howard Taft, the rabid jingoist and warmonger, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt, Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, who later helped send Sacco and Vanzetti to the electric chair, and Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge. Every one of them was pro-Ally.

INTELLECTUALS FIRST

The British organization and its American counterpart did not intend to carry on mass propaganda. First, the intellectuals were to be inoculated with the virus. It worked. Liberals, some pacifists, authors, journalists, and academicians nibbled, then bit hard.

Towards the end of 1915, when large numbers of intellectuals on both sides of the Atlantic had swallowed the sweet tasting pill labeled "League of Nations," Sir Edward Grey asked Colonel House to persuade President Wilson to popularize the idea for the masses. At first Wilson was reluctant. He wanted instead to make popular the idea of a peace conference while the war was still in progress—and for more than one reason.

Contrary to the historians' apologies for Wilson and his advisers, that they were roped into the war by the wily British and French government heads, the intimate papers of Colonel House show that the President knew he was leading the nation towards the abyss. But he was determined on a British victory, regardless of the cost. To him, Anglo-Saxon, or more plainly, upper-class British institutions, represented culture and civilization. Our government chiefs were at heart, then as today, admirers of the British political and social setup. They were willing to do all they could to help maintain it, especially if by supporting it they could at the same time entrench American capitalism and ramify its financial expansion.

Colonel House played on Wilson's vanity. He pointed out to the President his rapidly rising prestige among liberals and the peoples everywhere. After the war, he could muster public opinion on his side and be in a position to dictate peace terms not only to Germany but to the Allies as well—provided he did not throw away his chance of being called by the victorious Allies to act as peace mediator.

Nevertheless, when Sir Edward Grey wanted him to popularize the League of Nations, Wilson made one more desperate attempt to put his pet idea across. Through House, he asked the British Cabinet to agree

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on an immediate peace conference, pledging at the same time that if Germany spurned his pro-Ally terms, he would denounce her as an enemy of world peace, and then declare war.

THAT PHONY WAR

Knowing very well that Wilson would not permit an Allied defeat under any circumstances, and that they had powerful influence on American policy not only through Colonel House but also through J. P. Morgan and other American financiers, the British were willing to remain mired on the Western Front until time and events would press Wilson to declare war. Sir Edward told House a peace conference would be "premature."

Wilson had already prepared a public address in which he emphasized the idea of a peace conference. Through Colonel House's manipulation, it was arranged to deliver the address at a meeting of the League to Enforce Peace, scheduled for Washington during May 1916. Informed of Sir Edward's reply, Wilson rewrote his address. Instead of speaking in favor of a peace conference, he emphasized to the American people the need of a League of Nations, after the war, to bring a secure peace to the world!

The newspapers, liberals, and intellectuals praised the President's idealistic objective. Statements of eulogy were rushed from the other side of the Atlantic. British and French imperialists now came out in the open and said that Wilson's idea was splendid. The American people were flattered and beguiled into the conviction that their President was giving the world a new sort of leadership. They were also given the hope that after an Allied victory, the League of Nations, as pronounced by their Great President, would eliminate war for all time. An Allied victory held forth the promise of a paradise in which peace, blessed peace, would be handed to us for keeps! Yes, in our time!

At Versailles, Wilson, after a bit of wran-

Mischa Richter

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gling, yielded to the formation of a League of Nations, such as the British and French imperialists desired. Wilson tried to palm it off as the kind of League he had promised. But Secretary of State Robert Lansing, who was one of the American delegates to the Versailles Peace Conference, jotted down in his *Personal Notes:*

It is true that to please the aroused public opinion of mankind . . . they have surrounded the new alliance with a halo and called it "The League of Nations," but whatever it may be called or however it may be disguised it is an alliance of the . . . Great Military Powers. It [the League of Nations] was based on the power to compel obedience to the right of the powerful to rule.

Thus was a "Federated Europe" formed in 1919!

What made President Wilson yield to the utter cupidity of the Allied demands, especially to those made by Great Britain?

Colonel House will provide the answer when we discuss the fourth joker put over on the people by Woodrow Wilson.

This joker was "self-determination," or the right of all peoples to determine for themselves their forms of government. The weakest of nations was to be guaranteed its national independence. Wilson dished this out to us after he had already rooked us into entering the war.

EXPOSING SECRET TREATIES

The Bolsheviks, on gaining power, had published the Secret Allied Treaties, copies of which had been found in the czar's archives, and branding the "war for democracy" an imperialist fraud, called for an immediate peace on the basis of no annexations and no indemnities.

Colonel House cabled to Arthur James Balfour, British Cabinet member, that the President "feels he must presently make some specific utterance as a counter to the . . . peace suggestions . . . in order to keep the present enthusiastic and confident support of the war quick and effective here . . ." The American people were not anxious to fight for the sake of helping the imperialists slice up the world. What they did not know even then was that the existence of the Secret Treaties had not been a secret to Colonel House and to Woodrow Wilson. Now that they had leaked out, more idealistic phrases were needed for reassuring the people. But suppose the British or the French brazenly admitted that they were fighting for loot! House appealed to Balfour in the same cable, "He [Wilson] hopes that no utterance is in contemplation on your side which would be likely to sound a different note or suggest claims inconsistent with what he proclaims the objects of the United States to be."

The British government understood that the situation was critical, and that chances had to be taken by promising the masses some additional post-war blessings. Balfour replied:

Should the President himself make a statement of his own views which in view of the appeal made to the peoples of the world by the Bolsheviki might appear a desirable course, the prime minister is confident that such a statement would also be in general accordance with the lines of the President's previous speeches, which in England as well as in other countries have been so warmly received by public opinion.

Assured there would be no turning over of the applecart by the British or French governments, Wilson, with the aid of Colonel House, wrote his now infamous Fourteen Points, in which "self-determination," the right of sovereignty for small nations, was put forth as one of the objectives of an Allied and American victory. But how could weak little nations remain independent in a world of imperialist mammoths? Wilson found a ready answer. The League of Nations, when established, said the President, would be the father and mother and sister, too, of the little boys living amidst the jungle of powerful robbers.

Robert Lansing was considerably worried by the President's new slogan. He confided to his *Personal Notes:*

The more I think about the President's declaration as to the right of "self-determination," the more convinced am I of the danger of putting such ideas into the minds of certain races. It is bound to . . . create trouble in many lands.

What effect will it have on the Irish, the Indians, the Egyptians, and the nationalities among the Boers? Will it not breed discontent, disorder, and rebellion? . . . The phrase is simply loaded with dynamite. It will raise hopes which can never be realized.

Such hopes were indeed not realized.

Stage by stage, Wilson agreed to the abandonment of the principle of "self-determination." According to Lansing, the greatest pressure for its liquidation came from the British. A grand grabbing followed. Japan was given Shantung and other Chinese territory. Asia Minor was sliced up between England and France. Without regard to the wishes of the populations, Central Europe was shattered into fragments which would serve the imperialistic interests of Britain and her fellow-brigands. East African colonies, Palestine and Arabia were juggled into the British cage, the pledges to the Jews, Arabs, and Africans conveniently forgotten. All this was done, of course, in secret sessions, despite Wilson's earlier condemnation of secret diplomacy.

One of the Secret Treaties was not fulfilled. Wilson had agreed to the transfer of Constantinople to Russia and to her retention of the small national groups along her periphery, even before he had issued the slogan of "self-determination." But the Bolsheviks were now in power. To Woodrow Wilson, as to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Bolshevism was anathema. He agreed to the formation of small buffer states with which to shut the young Soviet Republic off from Europe, and from which, as bases for the imperialists, she could be invaded.

Why did Wilson permit the complete liquidation of the "self-determination" principle? Why did he not muster his influence with the French and British peoples? The masses in France literally kissed the stones of the streets on which he walked. Wilson, however, didn't want to endanger the security of the capitalist classes by appealing to their victims. In the words of Colonel House, "If the President should exert his influence among the liberals and laboring classes"—to force a decent peace on the Allies—"he might possibly overthrow the governments in Great Britain, France, and Italy. . . . The overthrow of governments might not end there. . . . "

WHAT TO DO NOW

But learning from the past, we can still block the road to war on which President Roosevelt wishes us to travel. We can do this, provided we recognize that the present war, for all its so-called democratic slogans, is, like Wilson's war, a struggle for imperialist booty. From this must follow our refusal to be tricked into extending credits to the Allies or their satellites, such as Finland; our refusal to fall for a farcical struggle over the "freedom of the seas"; our refusal to be rooked by another "ideal" League of Nations, disguised as a "Federated Europe," which will ostensibly bring a secure peace after an Allied victory; and last but not least, our refusal to take seriously the mouthings of imperialists and champions of capitalism about the rights of little nations.

Our rights and our living standards need plenty of defense right now—in the United States.

MORRIS KAMMAN.

March 17, 1940

For Peter Barnes and James Richards, IRA

Where the green is shamrock
and the red is blood
they stood remembering
two men on England's scaffolds
dropped their heads and time
into an empty basket.

From Ireland
St. Patrick drove the snakes
out of the land into the sea;
but that was when the land was
young
and Ireland free.

There's black in Ireland, mourning,
bands among the green:
what men must stand
in England's courts, in England's
chain,
what heads must England count,
what blood of Ireland drain
before again
the snake is moved again
out of the land
into the sea,
and Ireland free?

OWEN BURKE.

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Peace in Finland

An editorial article estimating the climax in Soviet-Finnish relations. Written as we go to press.

NEGOTIATIONS for peace in the Finnish conflict have demonstrated as never before the complete unreliability of the American press. Spectacular rumors and sensational alarums overflow the front pages and permeate both news and editorial columns. No one knows *just what* may be happening in Europe, so everyone talks about it. Typewriter generals become typewriter diplomats. History is being made at so much per word. For NEW MASSES, the emphasis cannot be on the hour-by-hour events, but on the main trend. Our considerations are based upon historical fact as well as commonsense.

First: the Red Army's penetration of the western parts of the Mannerheim zone, and the outflanking of Viborg, are events of first-rate political importance. While the world was drugged for weeks with wish-fulfillments of the most fantastic sort, a new type of army, the Soviet people's army, made systematic and phenomenal progress toward carefully estimated objectives. What were these objectives? One, the security of the socialist frontier; two, the disorganization of the enemy's military bases, the destruction of the *Schutzcorps*, the military forces of the reactionary coalition which precipitated the war. These military aims flow from essential Soviet policy: to limit the war, and prevent its spread into Scandinavia and the Baltic Sea. This was the basis of the original Soviet proposals to Finland, which most thinking Americans now recognize as reasonable and legitimate. The demilitarization of frontiers, the leasing of islands near Viborg, an air base at Hangoe, a peninsula at Petsamo; the revision of the Karelian border in return for more than twice as much of Soviet soil: such proposals could only have been rejected by intensely hostile politicians, instigated by London, Paris, and yes, Washington. They must have been promised very liberal support; they must have gambled on better cards than they had. Obviously, the USSR was prepared in November to come to terms with politicians against whom it had a long history of grievances. Peace was not merely the desirable alternative to war, but the very objective of Soviet policy. The day after the Red Army marched, the USSR indicated that it desired a truly democratic neighbor, in which the power of imperialist finance and intrigue was broken. Short of a general war in the North, it would go as far as it could to bring this about.

OPPOSITION IN FINLAND

Second: even before the conflict began, opposition developed within Finland to the gamblers' coalition. NEW MASSES for December 5 reported the suppression of the newspaper of the Small Farmers League: *Suomen Penvilelja*. The magazine *Soihtu*, left-socialist, was banned. Martial law in eastern Karelia averted serious difficulty for Mannerheim according to the *Week*, authoritative British newsletter, for December 13. The policy of burning villages in retreat, the conscripting of young and old, classes of 1920 and classes of 1898, inevitably tended to create political crisis behind the lines. Confronted with the evidence of overwhelming Soviet military superiority on the one hand, and the threat of the Allies to invade the country with substantial armed forces, on the other, it seems reasonable that the average man questioned whether this war were absolutely necessary. Reasonably also, frictions and divisions beset the ruling coalition. The diehards figure upon the ruthless suppression of domestic opposition along the Lapua lines of 1930-31; they call for help from the Allies at any cost. The other alternative is to petition for peace, in the hope of retaining control of the situation. *The petition for peace may be a colossal maneuver to gain time in which to bring Sweden and Norway around, and welcome the Allies in. On the other hand, it is probably genuine, animated not by any love for the USSR, but by an animal desire to salvage the situation in the face of disaster.*

SCANDINAVIAN REALISM

Third: Sweden and Norway are obviously unwilling to enter the war, or permit the passage of Allied troops through their soil, confident as they are of the long-term amity of the Soviet Union. Pro-British observers constantly emphasize that the menace of Nazi aggression restrains the Scandinavian countries. Far more significant, in our opinion, are the effects of Anglo-French economic policy. The shift of Allied purchases to their own empires, the reduction of the living standards of the French and British peoples, works havoc with Scandinavian economy as well as that of most neutrals. These nations were angered by British violation of their territorial integrity in the *Altmark* incident; on the other hand, Halvdan Koht, Norwegian foreign minister, disclosed that the USSR had pledged neutrality toward Norway. The USSR twice apologized to Sweden for the accidental bombings over Swedish soil. It would indeed be an enormous historical obscenity if the Allies invoked Article 16 of the League of Nations Covenant, making it mandatory for a League member to permit passage of military help to another League member in case of aggression. For it was Anglo-German influence in the year 1938 which persuaded the Scandinavian countries to abandon Article 16 when it might have been invoked to restrain true aggression by Nazi Germany! Except for the "activist" agitators, dominant sentiment in Sweden would logically favor the best possible settlement. Participation in a colossal deception could only be disastrous for the neutral powers. It is more probable that they would work to bring about, and support, peace negotiations.

In fact, and this is our fourth consideration, it is the Allies who desire to spread the war. In their desperation, they make no bones about it. Headlines in the American press view with alarm the chances of peace. For weeks, Hore-Belisha has been demanding the extension of the war. The London *Times* last week again advised it; Leon Blum in France desires it. In the House of Commons last Monday, Mr. Chamberlain extended the Allied offer of expeditionary forces. Chagrined over Soviet military progress, alarmed at the possible independence of the Finns, *faced with a first-rate political setback*, the very thought of peace incenses the Allies, thus betraying how deeply involved they are in the instigation of this war itself.

In such an intricate picture, the role of the Americans is obscure, but naturally of the greatest importance. NEW MASSES has repeatedly emphasized Mr. Roosevelt's responsibility in Finland. We were among the first to estimate how deeply committed he was in the magnificent illusions of the Finns. Mr. Roosevelt's personal snub to the USSR, his speeches, and the moral embargo contrast with his energetic efforts to give Mannerheim funds, his exploitation of the issue for the manufacture of anti-Soviet and anti-Communist hysteria. But American imperialism is on the lookout for itself. Mr. Welles is making every effort to align the neutral nations for America's gold-plated orbit; loans from the Export-Import Bank last week were intended to satisfy the domestic quest for trade. More than that, a neutral bloc would give the Americans the whiphand over Allied policy, the virtual hegemony over the fortunes of the imperialist world order. Anything that the Roosevelt administration does in this regard is suspect. But if the Americans had anything to do with the peace negotiations, that would mean that the Americans stepped in where the Allies could not possibly tread. Not out of friendship for the Finnish people, or some sudden affection for the Soviet Union, Mr. Hull and Mr. Roosevelt may feel that if they do not lend a diplomatic hand, the position of the Finnish gamblers is so bad that Soviet success may be greater than otherwise.

This seems as much as could be said on the Monday evening before we went to press. Things are clearly maturing which may prove a turning point, not only in Soviet-Finnish relations, but in the entire course of the imperialist war. Repercussions must be felt on all sides: in the Middle East, in Social Democracy, in Paris and London. But this much is clear — confounding its enemies, brushing away its belittlers and bewailers, the world's first socialist state increasingly impresses the average man with the scope and depth of its power, which flows from its distinctive and fundamental character: its socialist nature.

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His Majesty's Loyal Opposition

Sir Walter Citrine and his cronies mislead British labor. The role of the British Labor Party. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Greenwood.

ONCE upon a time it was the function of His Majesty's Opposition to oppose. Even as recently as 1931 the Labor Party preferred to go down in a disastrous general election rather than follow its leaders off a sinking ship into a "National" Coalition. That was eight years ago. Today the Labor Party is still technically in opposition. But it has announced a political truce with the Conservatives and Liberals under which national and municipal elections will be suspended. Local Labor parties have been ordered to abandon the political fight. An industrial truce has been proclaimed between the Trades Union leadership and the employers. Party intellectuals have undertaken the moral rearmament of the government and are busy selecting those War Aims "most likely to succeed."

How has this merger between Labor and its class enemies come about? How has the opposition of 1931 become transformed into wholehearted cooperation with Mr. Chamberlain's war government? It is instructive to trace Labor's attitude to each successive stage in the unfolding of tory policy.

THE BAFFLE TACTIC

During the first stage, from Manchuria to Spain, the National government got off to a good start by completely baffling its opponents. The Labor Party was hard put to explain why an empire with vital interests in the Far East should react to Japanese invasion by paralyzing the League of Nations, supporting the aggressor, and snubbing Henry L. Stimson. Or why, with vital interests in and around the Mediterranean, it should doctor the Italian infestation of Abyssinia with a mild dose of sanctions and the homeopathic Hoare-Laval plan. Why, in short, a great power should seek to preserve either peace or the status quo through a policy of compounding every fascist felony.

The first reaction to all this was complete bewilderment and dismay. Then, as the search went on for some clue to the meaning of appeasement, Labor leaders and publicists became convinced that the government's policy was nothing more than a series of passive, helpless vacillations, having no purposes that were not confused, no methods beyond that of "muddling through." This became, and remained, with a few variations, the official Labor "interpretation" of tory policy. It is the chief reason for eight years of impotent opposition.

On the left wing of the Labor Party another interpretation was advanced by those who insisted that there was, in fact, a consistent purpose underlying the apparent contradictions of government policy—namely, sabotage of the League and of collective security. Labor leaders, however, were always extremely reluctant to accept so melancholy a view. Even after Abyssinia and Spain they were less disposed to challenge the government on that score, than to register simple doubt and distress at the risks of appeasement.

"ERROR, NOT SIN"

These two forms of criticism — the "muddle" theory of the leadership and the "sabotage" theory, to which party officialdom never gave its blessing—were reiterated in one form or another down to the opening of the Anglo-Soviet talks, with Mr. Chamberlain providing a fresh target every few months. He was unconcerned at the seizure of Austria. He dropped Mr. Eden from the Cabinet immediately after Hitler had proclaimed his dislike of the foreign secretary. This provoked relatively mild misgiving. But with his first betrayal of Czechoslovakia, opposition knew no bounds. True, it died away almost entirely during the September 1938 war scare. But as soon as the manufactured character of that scare became apparent there was great indignation that insult to British intelligence should have been added to injury to the Czechs. Even then, Labor was unable to grasp the real meaning of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. It continued to charge him with error, but not with sin. Early in 1939, in a Left Book Club publication entitled *Why We Are Losing the Peace,* "Vigilantes" (K. Zilliacus) wrote:

> . . . the most dreadful feature of the National government's foreign policy is the fact that they have no foreign policy. They are living from hand to mouth. . . . They lack all understanding of what is happening in the world. And so they muddle on, through failure to dishonor, from dishonor to disaster, and from disaster to catastrophe.

From 1931 to the beginning of 1939, then, it is possible to note the existence of an Opposition, but only in quantitative terms. In terms of quality, the record is both farcical and tragic. To begin with, the charge of inconsistency, of muddle and helpless vacillation, bears no relation to the facts. The National government's apparent changes of direction, its few advances and its frequent retreats, become proof of competence and subtlety, once the real purposes are understood. They can be stated quite simply. The first is the defense of British capitalism against the threat of Bolshevism—which means not only the rising tide of Soviet power, but everything of a progressive nature at home and abroad, that might endanger the interests of Mr. Chamberlain's class. Such defense necessitates a fascist bulwark against the spread of Soviet power, an attack upon democratic institutions whenever and wherever possible. The second aim of British policy is defense of the empire against rival imperialisms, the taking out of insurance against the possibility that the watchdog may bite the hand that feeds it. The first aim explains appeasement while the second explains rearmament and the occasional British firm stand against the fascists (which invariably confused those critics who had decided that spineless appeasement was the government's *only* line of policy).

Such confusion was all the more ridiculous in view of the fact that the men in charge of British foreign policy were not always successful in keeping their intentions secret. If Messrs. Baldwin, Simon, Hoare, Londonderry, Halifax, and Chamberlain have usually been reluctant to put their motives and intentions on official record, the same cannot be said of the tory press. In the writings of people like Lord Kemsley, Lord Lothian, the Astors, Mr. Dawson, and Mr. Garvin can be found numerous indications of the double necessity to defend class interests through the strengthening of fascism, and to defend the empire against rival imperialisms through the simple, economical method of warding off the second menace by forwarding it to the address of the first. Whatever may be said about all this, it cannot be called incompetent. Nor was it the work of a well-meaning but foolish business man with little experience in politics and less in foreign affairs, assisted by a Cabinet stricken with diplomatic palsy. But the Opposition chose to think, with Mr. Noel-Baker, its leading student of foreign affairs, that "Appeasement is not a policy, it is a dangerous pathological complaint." In making this egregious mistake, it rendered itself powerless to prevent the systematic realization of the tory purpose. It could present no critique of British policy that was not either irrelevant or of positive assistance to the government. In emphasizing the purposelessness of British policy it did a great service to a Cabinet that preferred to obscure the real nature of its activities. Where it was essential to expose the motives behind appeasement Labor contented itself with expressions of alarm at the dangers of such a policy. In fact, of course, what Mr. Attlee might regard as threats to the empire were to the prime minister nothing more than legitimate profit-taking by the fascists, necessary preliminaries to a deal in which peace in the West and fascist expansion in the East were to be exchanged against each other. To that end Mr. Chamberlain not only refused to be intimidated by fascist threats; he went as far as Berchtesgaden to help Hitler make them.

At no time in the whole eight years since

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1931 has the government had to face serious resistance. Occasionally a wave of outraged public opinion has forced the ship of state off its charted course. But the deflection has never been more than momentary. A people conscious of its League obligations to the extent of twelve million Peace Ballots in 1935 was able to force the application of sanctions against an aggressor. It could not keep the National government from taking the lead in the abandonment of the whole sanctions venture. It could destroy the Hoare-Laval plan and force the resignation of Sir Samuel, but it could not prevent his return to the Cabinet. The last gesture of opposition came after the prime minister's speech to the House on the day in March 1939 that Prague fell. In affirming that "what has taken place has occurred with the acquiescence of the Czech government," and in urging, "Do not let us on that account be deflected from our course," Mr. Chamberlain had let the cat out of the bag. So, in deference to an agitated public opinion, he put it back again in the famous Birmingham speech on March 17, which convinced the Opposition, press, and public that he had at last seen the light. Thus the final achievement of his opponents was to force Mr. Chamberlain once more to pull the wool over their eyes.

The Labor Party came to grief with its false assumption of tory incompetence; it ran into catastrophe with its one real indictment. After having charged the government, for three years, with consistent sabotage of collective security, it allowed Mr. Baldwin to pose as the champion of League action and to persuade the electorate of a necessity for increased British arms and prestige, without which the white man cannot bear his burden, or the signatory fulfill his obligation. In this Mr. Baldwin obtained the endorsement of Labor's leadership in an official declaration of "firm support of any [government] action consistent with the principles of the League." The immediate result was that Mr. Baldwin, not surprisingly, won the General Election of 1935. When, a little later, Labor came to compare tory promises with performance it felt itself ill-used. Mr. Attlee complained in 1936 that "the government used our declaration in order to win the General Election. Then they betrayed us."

BALDWIN AND CHAMBERLAIN

Having made the government a present of its peace platform, the party proceeded to support first Mr. Baldwin and then Mr. Chamberlain in their attacks upon the League of Nations and collective security. In 1934-35, in the early days of Nazi war preparations, when groups within the Labor Party demanded mutual assistance pacts against aggression, the official leadership condemned them as schemes for a balance of power and an encirclement of Germany. In the Spanish war official Labor supported non-intervention and denounced its critics. As the London *Daily Herald* reported: "At a conference of the Parliamentary Labor Party, the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, and the National Executive of the Labor Party, held at Transport House on August 28 [1936] it was decided that the Labor movement would oppose a nationwide campaign in support of the Spanish government and support a policy of neutrality in the Spanish civil war." In 1937 it lent its weight to the government's rearmament program—without asking how the arms were to be employed. As late as the summer of 1938 Sir Walter Citrine testified to the absurdity of the idea that British strength could ever be used to force a Czech surrender to Hitler: "do they [his critics] really believe that the British government would dare to pledge the forces of this country behind the fascist powers?"

Towards a Popular Front, which the British Communist Party supported, the attitude of Labor's leaders remained one of condemnation, emphasized from time to time by faint praise. Mr. Attlee went so far as to admit

RESTRICTED LIBERTY
ATIONING
HIGH PRICES
WORKERS MUST SAVE
Great idea this political truce
Let us blazon on our banners that we shall fight for the Rights of Man
Minstrel Morrison
"THE MINSTREL BOY TO THE WAR IS GONE
IN THE RANKS OF DEATH YOU WILL FIND HIM ..."
Gabriel

GABRIEL'S *regular mite in the London "Daily Worker" is one of the British workingman's delights. Mr. Herbert Morrison, the minstrel boy, is a prominent figure in the British Labor Party.*

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that in a world crisis a Popular Front might be "the lesser of two evils." At the Bournemouth conference of 1937 the Executive defeated the plea for a United Front; 1938 saw large-scale development of the movement for united action among Communists, Liberals, and dissident tories, the Cooperative Party Peace Alliance, and hundreds of local Labor parties. Transport House replied by repeating its hostility to any such plan, and by the suspension or expulsion of individuals and organizations within the party who advocated it.

When, on the eve of his flight to Munich, Mr. Chamberlain requested an adjournment of debate, the Opposition leaders confined their sentiments to good luck and Godspeed. They made no demand that Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union be invited to the Munich conference. Not even Mr. Chamberlain could have expected such delirious applause for his portrayal of the honest gentleman miraculously preserving peace-with-honor. Worst of all, after the final assault on Czechoslovakia in March 1939, the party hastened to register confidence in Mr. Chamberlain's renunciation of appeasement, in spite of the evidence of the prime minister's own words. In the Birmingham speech he promised only the old Anglo-French Alliance to check Hitler in the West. "We ourselves will turn, naturally, first to our partners in the British Commonwealth of Nations, and to France, to whom we are so closely bound." He went on to give notice that he was "not prepared to engage this country in new, unspecified commitments operating in conditions which cannot now be foreseen." In this, Labor saw a promise of collective security and a peace front with the Soviet Union!

If it is the duty of His Majesty's Opposition to oppose, it is also its duty to demand that His Majesty's Government resign whenever the Cabinet's policy blows up in its face. But the Opposition agreed with the Cabinet that Hitler had bitterly deceived it and that allies must now be sought. But even after this admission there was no demand for the government's resignation. Far from it. The Opposition actually hastened to applaud Mr. Chamberlain in his role of collective security champion; Mr. Greenwood spoke for the Labor Party in the House, April 1939:

> We have no reason to believe that that hope up to now has not been fulfilled. . . . Should the prime minister succeed he will wear the laurels of victory on his brow. The Opposition will not complain. We shall be proud that the policy for which we have consistently stood has borne fruit.

When the government rejected the Soviet Union's proposals for a conference as "premature," and smiled on the invasion of Albania, no Labor mutiny broke out. The sole reaction was the reappearance in the Labor press of that much-used editorial entitled "Betrayal."

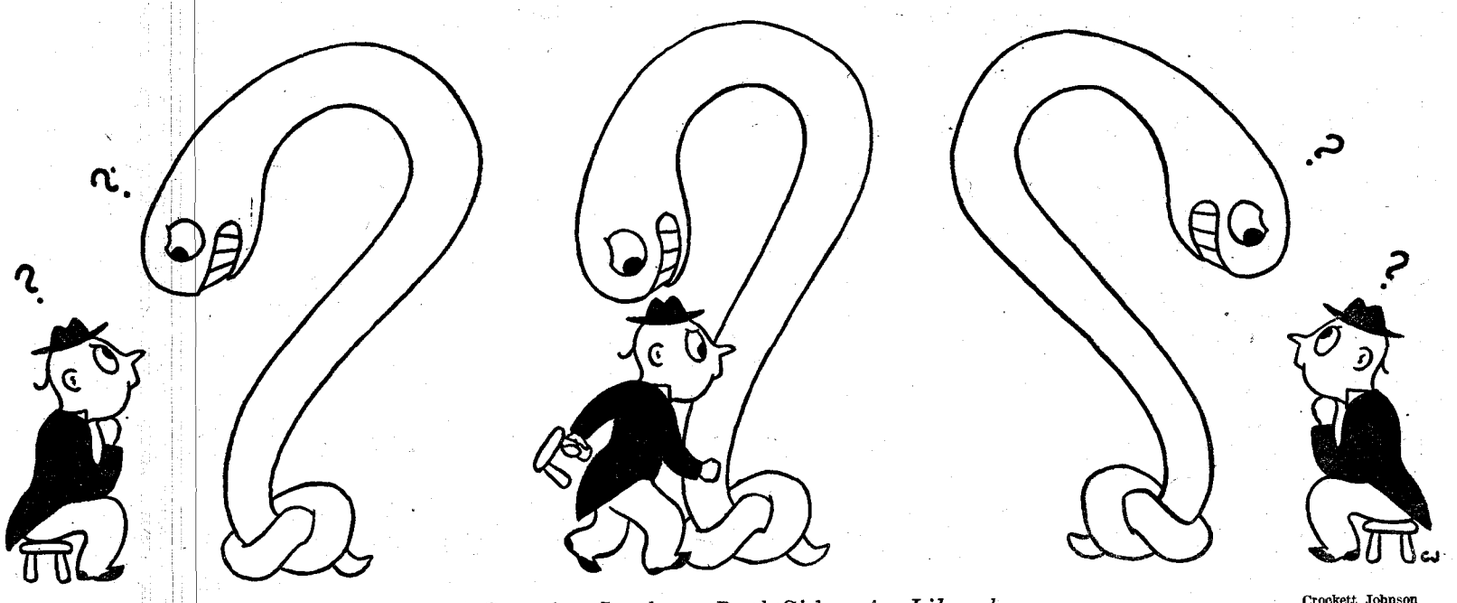
From the middle of March 1939 it began to be clear to Mr. Chamberlain, if not to the Opposition, that Hitler was departing from the Eastern course charted for him in Downing Street. Therefore, just as Britain had in the past rearmed and brandished alliances at any German intransigence, now it added new weight to the diplomatic balance in order to induce Hitler to see reason. But for Labor there was nothing suspicious in this Polish guarantee, or in the fact that British "firmness," when it came to the test, consisted in persuading the Poles to delay mobilization, informing Hitler that he could have what he wanted if only he would "negotiate," and finally, withholding all aid to Poland. Labor remained happy in the thought that a peace front was just around the corner. And when, turning the corner, it found that the USSR had built a front to defend itself with the only materials remaining, it was once more "betrayed." It had been so sure that Mr. Chamberlain was at last working for collective action! What happened from then on had been foreseen months earlier in a pamphlet by the United Action Movement:

> As the dictators press their claims for colonies, the imperialist ruling classes may have to fight . . . not for democracy, but for empire, and they will go into battle stripped of their strategic assets and without the allies they have betrayed. In that desperate struggle would the Labor Party, for the sake of socialism, refuse its political collaboration? The chances are that it would again join a National Coalition, this time under tory leadership. Out of that, with our civil liberties suspended and victory both distant and doubtful, what would emerge is more probably fascism than socialism.

The Labor Party would deny that this last stage has yet been reached. It points with pride to the activity of Parliament, the freedom of speech and press in wartime. Writing in the *New Republic* of December 1939 H. N. Brailsford says, "Strangely enough, this England is more truly a democracy in these days of war than it had been during the stifling years of an unreal peace." But where there is no Opposition there is surely no necessity for the censor and the concentration camp. Dead horses do not need to be flogged. Mr. Chamberlain can afford, for the moment, not to follow M. Daladier's example. It will take a little time for the British worker to appreciate the sense in which it is his war, and to experience the full effects of the truce his leaders have arranged for him. But the process has already begun. The workingman is concerned about the restrictions and rationing of consumers' goods, the rising cost of living, the government's attempt to keep wages down. Protests against the war and its implications for the workers are being made by an increasing number of people and organizations.

It will take time for the British worker to assume control of, or to extricate himself from, the party machine, to put new life into a moribund movement, politicize the unorganized sections of his class, find new leaders and a new direction. But these things he must do and do soon.

DOUGLAS WARNER.



A Question Looks at Both Sides of a Liberal

Crockett Johnson

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Why I Won't Resign from the ACLU

"Meet the red herring," Elizabeth Gurley Flynn says in telling the inside story. Penalized for opinion. Whom will the ACLU defend?

I'VE been several varieties of a "Red" in my lifetime—Socialist, IWW, Communist—but I never expected to be the proverbial "red herring" in person! As usual, it is to cover an anti-labor, anti-union tendency, but in an unexpected place—the American Civil Liberties Union. This organization, of which I am a charter member, dedicated for twenty years to the defense of the Bill of Rights—free speech, free press, free assemblage, academic freedom, labor's rights, religious freedom, etc.—recently made a complete turnover in policy. A resolution was passed which "deems it inappropriate" that certain persons be on the governing body of the Union (Nazis, fascists, *Communists* and supporters of totalitarian states, including the *Soviet Union*). It was expected that a minority group, labeled most unjustly and inaccurately "a Communist bloc," would withdraw. When this did not happen I was asked to resign from the board of directors, as a member of the Communist Party. This I refuse to do. I do not concede the right of the board to exclude me for my political beliefs and affiliations. The Nazi-fascist stuff in the resolution is just window dressing, as there are no fascists or Nazis on the board. Its inclusion adds insult to injury. Nor do I accept the arbitrary characterization of the Soviet Union. Admiration for the USSR as a workers' country certainly does not label me a totalitarian.

MRS. BROMLEY CHARGES

On March 4, Mrs. Dorothy Dunbar Bromley followed my refusal to resign by bringing "charges" against me: *"Elizabeth Gurley Flynn is not entitled to retain directorship on the board on the ground that she is a member of the Communist Party."* The board, as a committee of the whole, will try me on March 25. That I am a member of the Communist Party and proud of it is admitted. In fact, when I joined the party three years ago, I announced it to my associates on the board, simply as a matter of courtesy. No one objected then; I was assured it made no difference. In 1939 I was unanimously reelected to the board for a three-year term, and still have two years to serve. Nothing I have done has changed my status since I was elected.

It is significant that at this same meeting the resignation of Dr. Harry F. Ward from the ACLU was accepted with formal "regrets" but evident relief, and without even the courtesy of asking him to reconsider, after twenty years of distinguished service as chairman of the Union. His resignation stated his opposition to the recent resolution as "surrendering positions vital to civil liberties." The treatment of Dr. Harry F. Ward by the ACLU is an indecent and shameful chapter of its secret history: the sidewalk caucus, when a group of directors trooped back to insist that he publicly announce his retirement as chairman *before he testified at the Dies committee hearings* for the American League for Peace and Democracy; their attempts to force him to resign if he remained chairman of the League; their attempt to oust him as "unfit"; their refusal to renominate him as chairman—all topped off with typical bourgeois "politeness," even a cake with candles and a traveling bag as a token of their esteem.

WAR CASUALTIES

The ACLU was born out of the last war. Present indications are that it is likely to pass out during the present one. Dr. Harry F. Ward is its first casualty; undoubtedly I will be the second; others will follow. I can say in all modesty that there are no two other members whose records surpass ours in defense of the Bill of Rights. Dr. Ward has dealt with his critics with a forbearance they do not deserve. The ACLU minutes conceal rather than reveal what actually happens. When asked if reports were sent to the active committees around the country, Roger Baldwin, director of the ACLU, replied, "No, they wouldn't know what it was all about." Those who are enrolled as "members of the Union" pay annual dues but are never reported to, or consulted, which wasn't so serious so long as the Union adhered to the basic principles to which they all subscribed. But a radical and fundamental change in policy should be submitted somehow to the membership for discussion and ratification or rejection. Members can voice their protest only by letters to the office. The absence of protest will be construed as agreement. Therefore I am frankly requesting members and active committees of the ACLU to register their reactions to the resolution; Dr. Ward's resignation; and my forthcoming trial as the only channel of democratic expression from the membership. Please send me copies of your letters.

Dr. Ward said, "The Civil Liberties Union which did this is not the Civil Liberties Union with which I have been proud to work for twenty years." This is literally true. There has been a steady infiltration of new elements who are actually out of sympathy with the traditional position of the ACLU. There are so many wealthy people on the board today that I feel I am to be tried by a "blue ribbon jury." There are lawyers, business men, ministers, but not a single representative of organized labor. Mr. Baldwin, with his customary facility at objections, felt we shouldn't have a CIO representative unless we had one from the AFL, with the result that we have neither. The founders of the ACLU respected and accepted wide divergence of opinion. I became a member as an IWW and sat with Christian pacifists; with Socialists, anarchists, Irish Republicans, Quakers, trade unionists, liberals, and later Communists.

Mr. Baldwin has stated to the press that persons were never knowingly elected as "Communists" and that William Z. Foster was a respectable AFL organizer when he was elected to the board—a quaint description of a well known Syndicalist who bludgeoned Gompers into organizational campaigns! Foster was a member of the board in 1921 when he joined the CP and was reelected as such. Anna Rochester was elected as a known member of the Communist Party. Both of them resigned, but not at the request of the board. Mr. Baldwin's "unwritten policy" is just so much sand thrown in the eyes of the public. Not so long ago this breezy fellow-traveler boasted genially of the broadmindedness of the Union. "We even have Communists on our board." All is changed now. Dr. John Haynes Holmes says his conscience will not permit him to sit on the same board with a Communist; Mr. Baldwin says, "Communists have no moral integrity." Well I'll stake mine and any party member's against his any time.

Hitherto the ACLU has rigidly excluded issues outside of the USA. Now, as Dr. Ward points out, it sets up a test to penalize opinion: "the attitude of persons towards the actions and policies of foreign governments." Its leaders are sore at the Soviet Union—Joseph Stalin didn't consult them on foreign policy! So the ACLU becomes a victim of the war hysteria it always deplored; sets up a "loyalty oath" such as it has always opposed; attempts to force a minority to accept the views of the majority on issues abroad, or get out. Is this civil liberties? I refused to resign because I will not save the ACLU's face or whitewash a betrayal of its basic principles. If the Union is not restored to its original position, its future record is certain to disgrace its traditions. I am fighting to maintain my directorship because I consider the "charges" a violation of every principle the ACLU has fought for in the past. How can its leaders defend Communists in the right to teach or to hold public office, if they themselves exclude me solely as a Communist? They insist they will defend Communists in the future. I doubt it, if their recent performance is any criterion. There has been a conspicuous inactivity on their part in all our recent cases. Arthur Garfield Hays dashed over to Brook-

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lyn to protest the high bail of the accused Christian Fronters, but never objected for Browder or Wiener. *"The Browder case is not a civil liberties case,"* Mr. Hays informed me. The Mooney case and the Sacco-Vanzetti case were "murder" charges and the Scottsboro case was a "rape" charge to the courts. The ACLU has been deliberately indifferent to the extradition proceedings against Sam Darcy in Philadelphia and the Schneiderman case in California, although the latter involves cancellation of citizenship for political opinion.

The fishing expedition of federal grand juries in New York and Washington and the disgraceful public attack on Robert Minor, Israel Amter, Alexander Trachtenberg, and others in a publicized letter to the grand jury by former Attorney General Murphy, are unrebuked by the ACLU. The threats against the second class mailing privileges of the *Daily Worker* and NEW MASSES go unchallenged. The refusal of the bonding companies to give bail for Communists (which the old ACLU fought successfully for the IWW) is ignored. No aid was extended to Clarence Hathaway, editor of the *Daily Worker,* in the civil libel suit against him.

In my opinion the day of the ACLU's sincere defense of the civil rights of Communists is over. To expect otherwise is to be disappointed. But we must not allow these people to pretend they are doing so by climbing on the bandwagon **at the last minute** as they did in the **Minneapolis WPA cases,** which they refused to aid until the trials were over.

The recession of the ACLU follows the usual Red-baiting pattern. It starts with the Communists, but is symptomatic of an anti-labor, anti-union attitude. The test in 1917 was to defend the IWW as labor's furthest outpost; the test in 1940 is to defend the Communist Party. In not defending and in expelling the Communists, the ACLU exposes its real animus, which is an attack on the rights of labor. That's why I consider myself "a red herring." Mr. Morris Ernst is mightily concerned because John L. Lewis once called the ACLU "a Communist outfit." He thinks Mr. Lewis will retract this ungracious remark when they throw me out! But I'll be interested to know what the forthright plainspoken chairman of the CIO has to say today of the Union's constant sniping at the Labor Relations Board; of its persistent and unsolicited defense of Henry Ford's "right of free speech" to coerce his employees through leaflet distribution; its attack on the sitdown strike; or Mr. Baldwin's recent insistent demand that the Union make a statement protesting against the invasion of the "civil rights" of the Progressive Miners when they were "forced to join the union" chosen by the majority of the miners, the UMWA; and Norman Thomas' demand that the ACLU concern itself with expulsion of union members, election disputes, and internal union affairs.

In the ACLU's latest statement of principles is a bold declaration for "the right to work" which is identical with that of any open shop, anti-union outfit in the country. Because a pro-labor group fought against these tendencies we were labeled a "Communist bloc." The ACLU directors have become class conscious. When labor was weak they could afford to be the benign, detached liberals demanding the rights of labor. But labor is strong and powerful today. It needs no wet nurses! These pseudo-liberals take fright at the giant on the horizon which points the possible future everywhere—the Soviet Union. I don't mind being expelled by this kind of people. I don't belong with them anyhow. I'll fight them to expose them, not from a desire to associate with them any longer. Labor can defend its own civil liberties—so can the Communists, without the ACLU.

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN.

For Real Civil Liberties

DR. HARRY F. WARD, for twenty years chairman of the American Civil Liberties Union, resigned from membership in that organization in protest against the surrender of vital principles embodied in the ACLU resolution setting up tests of opinion for service on its governing bodies. Here is the abridged text of his letter of resignation:

I have received and carefully considered the resolution concerning qualifications for service on the governing bodies and staff of the Union passed by the national committee and the board on February 5.

Contrary to the "Statement to the Press" authorized by the board on the same date which says that "the resolution does not, however, change the fundamental policy of the Union over the twenty years of its existence," I find that the resolution does inaugurate a new policy.

It sets up a "test of consistency in the defense of civil liberties in all aspects and all places." It declares "that consistency is inevitably compromised by persons who champion civil liberties in the United States and yet who justify or tolerate the denial of civil liberties by dictatorships abroad." During its entire existence the Union has rigidly excluded from its consideration civil liberties issues outside the United States. It has several times refused invitations to international collaboration in its field of work. The resolution of February 5 now sets up as a test for membership in its board and national committee the attitude of persons toward the actions and policies of foreign governments.

The authorized "Statement to the Press" acknowledges that the resolution "appears to set up a test of opinion." I find that it actually does set up tests of opinion. Its provisions cannot be carried out except by an examination of opinions. How else can it be determined whether a person is justifying or tolerating "the denial of civil liberties by dictatorships abroad"? The resolution disqualifies for membership in the governing bodies of the Union anyone "who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country, or who by his public declarations indicates his support of such a principle." What constitutes "totalitarian dictatorship" in different countries, at different times, is a question of political opinion on which there is a strong difference. In the light of this fact, the determination of what "public declarations" indicate support of the principle of "totalitarian dictatorship" becomes a censorship of the opinions of some by the opinions of others.

In thus penalizing opinions, the Union is doing in its own sphere what it has always opposed the government for doing in law or administration. The essence of civil liberties is opposition to all attempts to enforce political orthodoxy. Yet by this resolution the Civil Liberties Union is attempting to create an orthodoxy in civil liberties, and stranger still, an orthodoxy in political judgments upon events outside the United States, in situations of differing degrees of democratic development. The majority of the board and of the national committee, acting under the pressure of wartime public opinion, tells the minority to conform to its views or get out. What kind of civil liberties is this? It is certainly not the kind which has been proclaimed in all our printed matter from the beginning.

Furthermore, when the Union disqualifies for membership in its governing bodies any person "who is a member of any political organization which supports totalitarian dictatorship in any country" it is using the principle of guilt by association which it has always opposed when the government has sought to enforce it. At this point the resolution becomes concrete only in relation to the Communist Party. The inclusion of other organizations is irrelevant window dressing. In view of the fact that in all of our discussions over this issue I have heard no one challenge the record in defense of civil liberties of the one Communist member of the board (a charter member of the Union), I cannot agree that mere membership in the Communist Party disqualifies one for service on the governing bodies of the Union. . . .

Throughout its existence, aside from those personal qualifications which all reputable organizations require, the Union has had only one test in selecting the members of its board and national committee. That test has been their attitude toward the Bill of Rights and their record in defense of it. In my judgment it needs no other test now.

It is also my judgment that when the majority of the national committee and of the board, acting, according to the authorized "Statement to the Press," under "the increasing tension which has resulted everywhere from the direction of the Communist international movement since the Soviet-Nazi pact," adopted the further tests set forth in the resolution of February 5, they surrendered positions vital to the defense of civil liberties, positions whose defense under constant attack is the honorable record of the Union. I cannot go with them in this surrender. . . .

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Lawyer 1940

Bright young man, class of '25, self-examined fifteen years later. Some conclusions.

LAWYER circa 1925 arose from his usual troubled sleep. Demon Escrow had been more than obnoxious all the night through. Demon Landlord, too, had cast his shadow over the pillow. But what really awakened our pitiful hero was the grand finale a la Reinhardt: that colossal and stupendous scene in which both demons were matching coins for first sock. A little cold water on his tired face brought back that outward buoyancy (the mask that helped him to walk past a WPA supervisor, non-relief status, and gravely mutter, "Poor fellow!").

As he left his tranquil home (the wife was still asleep; she claimed you ate less that way) he nodded to the renting agent. After all it was only the 10th of the month and years of habit had given the agent a sense of justice that kept him from calling until the 28th. Sometimes the owner had a slight suspicion that over a course of years there must have been a little overlapping. Lawyer circa 1925 bought his copy of the *Times;* it was a fair paper and gave one an air of respectability. One couldn't be seen reading the *Masses* that early in the morning; a landlord client might be met. For years he had nodded his head gravely when he saw a news item stating that a "Committee of One Hundred" best people had been formed to educate America not to discriminate against men over forty. "Splendid idea," he thought. "A disgrace not to . . . but it really didn't matter." This morning he turned by chance to the announcement of "Candidates Who Have Successfully Passed the Recent Bar Examination." There it was in bold type: "623 Passed Out of 1,596 Who Took Recent Examination."

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

"Still knocking 'em over," he mused. "Wonder if it was as hard as the one I took. Probably a million yes and no questions . . . no real test of intelligence. Be damned if I could pass it now." Then as if a sudden pail of water had struck him from above, his mind reverted to the news item about that committee and the forty-year business. "Good Lord, it's 1940, fifteen years since I passed the bar. And I shall soon be forty myself. Well, that's a pretty pickle . . . here I am sympathizing with those unfortunates over forty and it has sneaked up on me." Things were rotten. No clients, no cases, nothing to do. It didn't help much to know that he had company—it wouldn't pay food bills and the rent. It couldn't answer the biggest question that confronts so many Lawyers circa 1925: why have we failed? Once things had been pretty good. Nothing substantial—a bit of a flurry and easy money, a big deal now and then. A knowledge that all was built on quicksand; yet the total inability to stem the tide, to make plans for the apparent debacle—which now was definitely here.

He laid the paper aside. What's to be done? There was the Lawyers Group devoted to Economic Security. He had not joined that when it was organized—to accept the low rate dues was a tacit admission of low earnings. Things really had been a little better. A fee blew in the door ever so often. But he was sorry now that he hadn't qualified—those project jobs were quite a fashion—and $25 sure would be a help. He had joined the National Lawyers Guild. It appealed to him. Its viewpoint was his: liberal—appreciative of the economic collapse of a once highly touted profession. But even there he wondered at some of his fellow committeemen. Swell offices, a semblance of activity, time to devote to committee work: they looked as if they could still belong to the big bar associations. He remembered a chairman asking him if he had "time to do a little research." Lord, if the fellow only knew that time was all he had—but not the heart. One doesn't do research when one's mind is on clothes, food, rent, education for the kids, and that illusive social life, keeping up with the Ginsbergs (Mr. Ginsberg dealt in junk—junk—but it brought gold). On the way from the station he bumped into a few of the boys, all circa 1925 or thereabouts. How's things? Lousy. You? Haven't seen a fee in a year. You? I would quit—but as little as I know about this, I know less about anything else. For a moment Lawyer 1925 felt that warm spirit of comradeship, that mellow friendliness which makes of misery boon companions. Well, I guess it isn't altogether my fault—but try and convince Her.

He entered his office suite, which was shared by so many associates that he had to make an appointment to get near the desk. When a real deal was in progress the other tenants adjoined to the men's room, to give the lucky lawyer that air of dignity which should accompany any satisfaction of a chattel mortgage fee of $5—cash. There was enough dust on his diary to make a library copy of Blackstone shudder. He had mail: N. Y. Telephone Co. ("if not paid in four days"); Lawyers Coop ("we regret"); National Lawyers Guild ("There will be a sub-sub-committee meeting to investigate the unfair methods used by notary public in Patagonia). Watching for an unguarded moment he seized the floor's Law Journal. Front page decisions, work in the Appellate Courts, trial calendars miles long. Somebody is getting the business; law is being practiced. Where is it going—why past the door of Lawyer circa 1925? Able to cope with real legal problems, a keen student of both law and human conduct, more than a passing knowledge of political economy, a liberal viewpoint, favorable to the administration—yet he has seen government bureaus filled with youngsters, investigating committees packed with the social elite from the fashionable law school, committees hiring people to help expose conditions that are most familiar to Lawyer circa 1925.

His liberalism has prevented his advocating limitation of his own professional ranks. He has encouraged raising standards for the good of all. Yet he faces thousands of newly admitted attorneys, willing, able (perhaps) and eager to snatch the few crumbs left to the Lawyers circa 1925.

A wearisome day: trying to look busy; nodding to officeholders whom one envied and yet scorned in 1925; longing for civil service status for security (pride did not permit one to take exams years ago). The last mail brings an imposing letter, marked U. S. District Court, Southern District of N. Y. His associate jokingly hands it to him, saying jokingly, "Well, it looks like they caught up with you. Maybe they're gonna deport you. I told you not to go to that Madison Square Garden rally for Spain." Lawyer circa 1925 opens it up. Eureka! three checks. "Sir: Enclosed please find refund in the three above mentioned bankruptcy cases. Successive appeals have delayed disposing of these 1931 matters . . ."

MARTIN JANNET.

For a Gropper Mural

High society goes out to battle for "Western civilization."

THE following report of the Help Finland Cabaret appeared in the New York *World-Telegram,* under the byline of Patricia Coffin:

A cake of ice was presented to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and white-haired Dr. Alexander Hamilton Rice did the Boomps-a-daisy dance with a member of the chorus from *Hellzapoppin* at the Help Finland Cabaret last night. Mrs. George B. St. George, chairman of the benefit, introduced ex-President Herbert Hoover, in charge of Finnish relief, while her mother, Mrs. Price Collier, applauded from the center box in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Collier is an aunt of President Roosevelt. His mother, Mrs. James Roosevelt, also entertained in her box. Gertrude Lawrence drew numbers from a hat for the winner of the de Beers diamond. Mrs. Sims, wife of the secretary of the British Embassy in Washington, won. She immediately returned the jewel to be auctioned. Miss Lawrence coaxed, wheedled, and bossed Tommy Manville into buying the diamond for $500. Tommy, who arrived with two blondes swathed in ermine and orchids, paid for the stone on the spot with five crisp $100 bills.

Hjalmar Procope, Finnish minister to the United States, was not there. He sent a telegram of gratitude from Washington, which Mrs. St. George read over the microphone. Mr. Procope, one of the capital's most attractive diplomats, can't bear to go to parties these days even if they are for the benefit of his suffering countrymen. John Barry-

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Anti-Alien Drive

BILLS to restrict, intern, deport, or jail the foreign born have been slipping quietly into the congressional hopper, offered mainly by bourbons from the poll-tax states. Publicity has been hushed, controversy avoided. As Kenneth Crawford, president of the American Newspaper Guild, declared at a recent conference to protect the foreign born, "one of the great frauds of American politics is being perpetrated." NEW MASSES has summarized below the contents of bills most likely to receive favorable consideration. Read this partial list and then stop to think what the enactment of such laws will mean to your union, your fraternal group, your political, economic, or social organization. Passage of this legislation is a threat in today's warmongering. Tomorrow it may be a weapon to smash all political dissidence.

BILLS NOW BEFORE CONGRESS

HR 7922, Woodrum, D, Virginia—Amendment (Independent Offices Appropriation Bill) enabling FHA to bar non-citizens from federal low-rent housing projects.

HR 8438, Schulte, D, Indiana—Amendment (Navy Department Appropriation Bill) barring non-citizens from skilled, technical, clerical, administrative, or supervisory positions in Panama Canal Zone.

HR 8668, Lanham, D, Texas—Amendment (War Department Appropriation Bill) with same provisions as above, applying to positions under War Department. Passed after House had been made aware it would abrogate Panama-US treaty proclaimed by President July 27, 1939, assuring no discrimination against natives of Panama, who may not become American citizens.

HR 6724, Starnes, D, Alabama—Provides for deportation at any time after entry of non-citizens admitting in writing they engaged in "sabotage" or "espionage"; passed by Senate with amendment after passage by House; at present in conference.

HR 5643, Hobbs, D, Alabama—Provides possible imprisonment for life without trial for certain non-citizens; pending on Senate calendar.

S 2830, Stewart, D, Tennessee; and S 409, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—Provides for registration of non-citizens; both bills reported by Senate Immigration Committee and on Senate calendar.

HR 4860, Dempsey, D, New Mexico—Provides for deportation of non-citizens believing in or belonging to organization advocating any "change in the American form of government."

HR 5138, Smith, D, Virginia—Provides for fingerprinting of immigrants and deportation of non-citizens who belonged to proscribed organizations at any time in the past.

BILLS PENDING IN COMMITTEES

HR 130, Arends, R, Illinois—Provides for registration of non-citizens and American-born children of non-citizens and for deportation for failure to become a citizen.

HR 163, Ludlow, D, Indiana—For deportation for attempting to induce the US to favor one or more belligerents in a foreign war.

HR 280, Taylor, R, Tennessee—For deportation of non-citizens whose presence is inimical to public interest or who engage in any way in "domestic political agitation."

HR 999, Pace, D, Georgia—For deportation of all non-citizens and exclusion of all immigrants.

HR 3030, Starnes, D, Alabama; and S 410, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For deportation of non-citizens on relief for six months during last three and one-half year period.

HR 3032, Starnes, D, Alabama—For suspending immigration for ten years.

HR 3033, Starnes, D, Alabama; and S 407, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For cutting quotas 90 percent and placing Western Hemisphere on quota basis.

HR 3241, Whelchel, D, Georgia—For prohibiting all immigration for ten years.

HR 3392, Starnes, D, Alabama; and S 408, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For registration and fingerprinting of all non-citizens.

HR 4172, Randolph, West Virginia—For deportation for failure to declare intention to become a citizen within one year of entry.

HR 4905, Dies, D, Texas—For deportation of aliens who are "anarchists or fascists or Communists."

HR 5481, Brooks, D, Louisiana—For deportation of non-citizens participating in activity "undermining of the United States government."

HR 7875, Seccombe, R, Ohio—For suspending immigration for duration of hostilities in Europe and Asia.

HR 8310, Ford, R, California—For deportation of any person sympathetic with, associated with, affiliated with, or who sought support of Communists.

S 1470, McKellar, D, Tennessee—For registration and fingerprinting of non-citizens.

S 1979, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For deportation of non-citizens "inimical, unfriendly, hostile, opposed, or antagonistic to the government of the United States.

S 1980, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For deportation of non-citizens with "evil reputations."

S 2711, McCarran, D, Nevada—For prohibiting employment of aliens by any firm manufacturing aircraft for the United States government.

S 3201, Reynolds, D, North Carolina—For halting immigration for five years.

more was too ill to appear and his daughter, Diana, who attended the premiere of *Pinocchio* at the Center Theater last night, stopped at Monte Carlo on the way to the Waldorf and never arrived. Mrs. Vanderbilt left the party at 2:30 a.m. She was accompanied by Tullio Carminati and Dr. Rice. They had been to the opera to hear *La Traviata* earlier in the evening. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore lobster red and a bandeau to match.

Mrs. Angier Biddle Duke, Mrs. St. George's daughter, looked lovely in a gown of foaming white lace. She was seated at a table with her cousin, Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, Mr. Forbes, and Jay Rutherford. Merry Fahrney Cassini, escorted by Billy Revere, dashed out in the middle of the entertainment program exclaiming: "I must have a peanut butter sandwich!" They went downstairs to the cafe lounge and Merry, also in white lace, compromised with ham on white. They were joined by Ned Post, son of Emily Post, and Lady Sylvia Poulette. "He gave me away," Merry laughed, pointing to Ned. The latter gave her in marriage to Count Oleg Cassini, to whom she was wed a little over a year ago and from whom she was divorced this week. "Next time I marry," she said, "it is going to be a man who can support me." Merry finished by borrowing a concert accordion from a strolling player and practicing her scales.

Society and the stage turned out in large numbers for last night's benefit. In the former category were Lucy Jeffcott, known to her friends as Cotty, with Minot Milliken; Helen Stedman, known as Steddy, with her daily double, Stu Kellogg; the J. Randall Creels, who arrived at 2 a.m.; Luigi Rothschild, in monocle and opera cape, who remarked: "Russia fighting Finland is like the United States attacking Brooklyn!"; Vi French and Alfred Clark; newly divorced Nan Van Vleck dancing with Jack Curtis, and Serge Obolensky, who waltzed with pretty Pat Foss.

On Surplus

"SURPLUS," says Webster's *New International Dictionary*, is "that which remains when use or need is satisfied." Herbert Hoover, according to the New York *Herald Tribune*, feels that:

We in the United States have a great food surplus. Out of our present surplus we can furnish the little nations without depriving our own people of one atom. I do not believe that as a Christian nation, or as a nation loving liberty, we have any moral right to stand by with these large surpluses of food and see people starve wholesale, who are helpless to help themselves. . . .

Says a report by Dr. Towne Nylander for the Los Angeles County Relief Administration as quoted in Carey McWilliams' *Factories in the Field:*

Although the workers studied worked on vegetable farms, only 12.5 percent received any kind of discount from their employers on the purchase of vegetables: 67.1 percent purchased practically no milk. The report states that $7.89 is the average weekly food expenditure for the group and that the average size family is 4.7 persons. The average annual family expenditure for food alone is $412.36 or 84 percent of the annual average gross income, leaving only $78.76 per year for housing, medical care, clothing, and other necessities.

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The Fate of Spain's Finest

Conditions could hardly be worse for the 200,000 refugees in France. "The only thing they possess is hope." The role of Prieto. How the refugees can be aided.

Mexico City.

DECISIONS involving the fate of 200,000 Spanish republican refugees in French concentration and labor camps, and the twenty-thousand who have emigrated to Mexico and Chile, were taken at the First Continental Conference for Aid to Spanish Refugees held in Mexico City February 15-18. (See editorials on page 22.)

The delegates included a strong United States contingent from the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign, headed by Dr. Herman F. Reissig, who presided over the Conference; from the Abraham Lincoln Veterans and auxiliary; and observers from the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers). The Mexican Labor Federation (CTM) and National Peasants Federation (CNC) were represented. Vicente Lombardo Toledano, general secretary of the CTM, pledged the full aid of the whole Latin-American Labor Federation which includes several million workers throughout the Latin American republics. Delegates from Argentina, Chile, Cuba, and Uruguay took a prominent part. Alvarez del Vayo, former foreign minister of the Spanish republic, came from France on behalf of the SERE (Spanish Refugee Evacuation Service), which, the Conference learned in the midst of its discussions, has been dissolved by order of France's minister of justice, Georges Bonnet. Constancia de la Mora did much of the interpreting.

The Conference held the utmost political as well as humanitarian significance. Although Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt had approved of the Conference in her column, it was on the grounds that mass emigration of the refugees to the Americas will relieve the position of the "democratic and generous" Daladier government. Bonnet's reply in dissolving the SERE, the Conference pointed out, will have precisely the reverse effect: that of hindering any organized evacuation across the Atlantic.

PRIETO'S TREACHERY

Indalecio Prieto, dismissed Spanish republican defense minister, has set up in Mexico a rival relief committee, the JARE (Junta for Aid to Spanish Refugees). It is run by one Andreu, whose sudden affluence after the retreat from Catalonia shocked all Perpignan. For the work of the JARE, Prieto is apparently using the Spanish government funds he refused to hand over to Negrin's SERE. Now he came forward with a vicious attack on the Conference, denouncing it as "Communist." Apart from the untruth of the accusation, Prieto, wittingly or not, played into the hands of the reactionaries who did their utmost to prevent the entry of the refugees into Mexico and Chile.

Details of the continuing terror in Franco Spain were presented to the Conference. This information was also in the possession of Prieto and his clique. But Prieto's idea is that the Spanish war is irretrievably lost—this when the anti-Franco movement inside Spain is growing irresistibly, while the international situation offers more favorable perspectives than at any time since 1936! He is willing, therefore, to fall in with Franco-British plans for the restoration of the Spanish monarchy and the formation of a "Holy Alliance" extending from Finland to Turkey —against socialism.

Bonnet is making the most strenuous efforts to terrorize Spaniards in the French concentration camps into returning to Spain. So frightful are conditions—and they are worsening from day to day as supplies are requisitioned for the French Army, allowances are cut down, and even refugees outside the camps are harassed and imprisoned — that these methods are having a limited success. The dissolution of the SERE, which has already spent $5,000,000 on relief, and the intrigues of Prieto will inevitably weaken morale still further. As Pedro Martinez Carton, representative of the International Coordinating Committee, stressed, the only thing the refugees in France possess is hope.

Even in Mexico and Chile that hope still depends on the continued efforts of the organizations represented at the Conference, backed by the support of progressive movements within the twenty-one American republics. Although the immigration has been a notable success, the governments of both Lazaro Cardenas in Mexico and Pedro Aguirre Cerda in Chile are facing grave danger. The beginnings of a vast plot, on Franco lines, against Cardenas or any progressive successor, headed by Generals Juan Andreu Almazan and Joaquin Amaro, were revealed to the Conference. In Chile, Aguirre Cerda is maintaining the Popular Front government only by dint of desperate maneuvering. The political situation in Argentina, Uruguay, and the Dominican republic, the other countries willing to accept Spanish refugees, is unstable. In every case the attitude of the United States is decisive.

This point was imperfectly grasped by some of the United States delegation. The Quakers did not vote for a resolution condemning conditions in the French camps, because they were unwilling to become involved in a political decision. A few others of the United States delegation opposed the resolution, despite an eloquent and informative report by Douglas Jacobs, on the grounds that an attack upon a friendly democracy (Daladier's!) could only have unfavorable repercussions on sympathy for the refugees and upon the refugees in France themselves. This extreme lack of realism meant virtually playing into the hands of the Prieto-Chamberlain-Daladier group. For conditions could hardly be worse in France for the refugees. Of course sympathy in the United States for the refugees is not dependent upon support for Daladier, especially since the genuine republican fighters hate the French premier scarcely less than Franco himself.

Several important resolutions were passed. A Permanent Continental Committee will be set up in New York with two United States delegates and one each from Mexico, Argentina, Cuba, Chile, and Uruguay. A subcommittee will function in Buenos Aires to maintain better contact with the refugee-receiving countries (Chile, Uruguay, Argentina) in the Far South. There will be, it is hoped, a distribution center in Cuba, where refugees in transit can wait while formalities for entry are completed.

Alvarez del Vayo pleaded for funds to transport the three thousand refugees already accepted by Chile. It costs $175 per head. A fund-raising campaign will be started at once. Foundations for children and war-wounded will be set up on this continent. Plans were made for publicity campaigns against the Franco and Bonnet terror, for increased relief for Spaniards already in Latin America, and for transportation funds. Mexico has already agreed to take as many more immigrants as can pay their way, Chile is anxious for more. Argentina sent a message asking for immigrants. All authorized delegates, including the Mexican minister of the interior and the head of the Immigration Department, stressed the excellent quality of the settlers and their powers of assimilation.

THE MOST CRITICAL TIME

Under the new arrangement, the task of United States organizations is to raise money for emigration to the hospitable but more poverty-stricken countries. Never, it was stressed, since the earliest days of the retreat, has the need for aid been more pressing. Never has the surrounding political situation been more critical. Now, for the first time since Casado's sellout, the Spanish refugees are faced with treachery from within. This treachery is the more dangerous because it is being carried out by clever, cynical, and articulate groups having close connections with persons in high places. The utmost vigilance, the speediest aid are essential if the Continental Committee is not to share the fate of the SERE, and the fighters for Spanish democracy made pawns in a vast strategic maneuver of the European war.

MARC FRANK.

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Mr. Chamberlain Looks at Zion

Why Britain's government double-crossed the Jews. Colonial Secretary MacDonald's bombshell. Dr. Weizmann's policy. London's plans to spread the war.

THE photos of the Anzacs coming to their new barracks in Palestine had hardly faded from sight when the Holy Land broke into the news again with the announcement that the sale of land to Jews was to be barred in large sections of the country.

To many, the declaration of Colonial Secretary Malcolm MacDonald came as a bombshell. Stories of cooperation between Jews and Arabs had just begun to replace the tragic details of riots and bloodshed. As late as January 1940, Alfred Duff Cooper, former first lord of the British Admiralty (who has just made a propaganda tour in this country), promised the United Palestine Appeal in Washington that England would give all of Palestine to the Jews. The New York *Times* summarized his remarks as follows:

> The policy of seeking to show no favoritism in Palestine, either to Jews or Arabs, had failed because it was unworkable and called for a change in which the government must show "bias upon one side or the other." . . . Since the Arabs already had a great domain which they were free to govern in their own way, Mr. Duff Cooper suggested that if the Arabs wish no longer to remain in Palestine "vast spaces of territory await their expansion."

For anyone at all conversant with the British Colonial Office, Duff Cooper's promises were not startling in the least. Albion is always lavish with its promises. The difficulties have arisen on the collecting side. Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Spain are tragic testimony to the ease with which imperial Britain sacrifices peoples and promises.

The problems of Palestine result from a series of contradictory promises which emanated from the British Colonial Office during the World War. In 1915 Britain, desiring the support of the Arabs in the war, promised Palestine to the Arabs. In 1917, desiring the support of the Jews for the Allied side, she promised Palestine to the Jews in the famous Balfour Declaration. But neither Jews nor Arabs got anything but periodic lashes from the British Lion's tail. Britain simply exploited Palestine for the defense of its lifeline.

The Sykes-Picot treaty, a secret agreement between England and France which saw the light of day when the Bolsheviks aired out the czarist archives, divided the Near East into respective zones of British and French influence.

To enforce its domination Britain engulfed Palestine in periodic waves of violent bloodshed, inciting Arab against Jew and Jew against Arab. Meanwhile the British kept increasing Palestine's strategic significance. The port of Haifa was developed with a view towards its transformation into a naval base for the Mediterranean fleet. Oil from the fields of Mosul is now conveyed directly to Haifa via a pipeline. The air route between England and India cuts directly through Palestine. Troop concentrations for the defense of the Suez and other points East are harbored in the Holy Land. In short, Palestine today has a much greater strategic value than in the last war.

With the outbreak of the present European conflict—in which the Near East figures as a possible front for anti-Soviet hostilities—it was not at all surprising that Britain again dealt out its marked cards. Duff Cooper, speaking before a Zionist audience, didn't hesitate to go the whole hog in promising the fulfillment of maximum Zionist hopes *after* the Allies win the war. But the echoes of his talk had hardly died before the Chamberlain government issued its new decree. In the country which Britain promised to the Jews as a "national homeland" in 1917, Jews today are not allowed to buy land. Only in czarist Russia and Nazi Germany were such limitations ever placed on modern Jews. The medieval "ghetto" and the czarist Pale od Settlement have inspired the new Chamberlain measure against the Jews in Palestine. What a travesty on Chamberlain's claim that his war aims include defense of the rights of the Jews and destruction of anti-Semitism.

Colonial Secretary MacDonald tried to justify the new decree by talking about the danger of landless Arabs and the necessity of protecting Arab rights. Since when are the British imperialists interested in protecting anyone's rights but their own, let alone the rights of peasants in a colonial country? As recently as 1937 Herbert Sidebotham, the notorious British empire builder, justified the removal of Arabs from the land in Palestine. In the Memorandum he submitted to the Palestine Royal Commission (published in pamphlet form under the title *British Imperial Interests in Palestine)* he argued:

> It is a false view of democratic or liberal principle which holds that because a race or nation happens to occupy a certain territory, that territory is its own for all time to make or mar as it wills. Occupation must be beneficial and in the long run beneficial for the world at large, or it loses its moral or political justification. Nor has any race an absolute right to "determine" its own future at the expense of the future of some other race which may have more to give the world.

Why, then, Mr. MacDonald's sudden discovery that the naked aims of the empire have to be sugarcoated with some references to the "rights" of Arabs? Because England wants Arab support in this war, and has met difficulties in getting this support. At the very outset of the war the Zionists, disregarding the treacherous fruits of their collaboration with imperialism, promised their full support. The Jewish Agency, chief Zionist body, issued an appeal in which it declared:

> His Majesty's Government today declared war against Hitler Germany.
>
> In this critical hour the Jewish community is called upon to institute a triple guard: for the defense of the fatherland, for the peace of the Jewish people, and *for the victory of the British empire.* . . . [Emphasis mine—J. A.]

Zionist leadership placed itself at the service of the war government. A Palestine contingent, composed overwhelmingly of Jews, was sent to France. The Zionist organizations proudly claim that 150,000 men and women have expressed their readiness to join the British Army in various capacities. Zionism, traditionally subservient to British imperialism, rushed forth to assure Chamberlain that he would get the support of all the Jews. But the Jews are only a minority in Palestine, and in the compact Arabian world in the Near East an insignificant minority. Britain is out to get the backing of this Arab world, and is now trying to do it at the expense of the Jews, by betraying its promises to the Zionist leaders. However, this is not as easy as it may appear on the surface. True. Britain has the aid of opportunistic and careerist elements among the Arabs. The Mufti, until a short while ago a Nazi agent, is now negotiating with the British. Always ready to sell out to the highest bidder, he is bargaining for the price Britain is to pay for Arab support. But the Mufti does not represent the Arab masses, just as the Zionist resolution does not represent the interests of the Jewish masses.

The Arabs are very hesitant about putting their trust in the government which has already gone back on its previous promise of Arab independence. Britain's perfidious practices during the last war are beginning to boomerang against the present war government. The *real* reason for the shameful land decree in Palestine is intimated in the following statement by MacDonald:

> His Majesty's Government has received stern warnings in recent weeks of *growing suspicion that Britain is insincere.* These warnings said if the situation were not alleviated, it might have grave repercussions. [Emphasis mine—J. A.]

Britain's barrage of propaganda among the Arabs is being met with suspicion. The British broadcasts in Arabic, the attempts to unite Moslems on a religious basis, the sudden British protestations of love for the Koran, were not deceiving the Arab masses rapidly enough. Without Arab support the projected Near Eastern attack against the Soviet Union

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may meet serious difficulties. The land decree is but the latest move in a planned British campaign to buy that support. Chamberlain handed over small nations to fascism, hoping that their corpses would be used as stepping stones to war against the Soviet Union; he was thwarted in this program by the Soviet-German Non-Aggression Pact; now he is trying to sacrifice the Jews to the same purpose.

Chamberlain's action against the Jews of Palestine should once and for all expose the role of British imperialism to the Jewish masses. The new discriminatory measures are the bitter fruit of the Zionist movement's false, pro-British orientation. Zionist leaders, of course, refuse to face these facts. Their class interests still impel them to do their bit for the defense of the empire and its offensive against the land of socialism. Dr. Chaim Weizmann, leader of the World Zionist Organization, meekly criticizes the new British blow, while he sings a hallelujah for the British empire. Right after the new decree he said:

> We Jews would be deeply reluctant to cause difficulties to the British government at a time like this. Whatever the provocation, I and those whom I represent will not deviate from the position enunciated in my letter to Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain at the outbreak of the war. Our loyalty to the Allied cause remains steadfast.

Every Jew in the United States, indeed every thinking American, will perceive the meaning of Dr. Weizmann's policy. It is in itself a betrayal of the interests of the Jews, an invitation to further betrayal by the British: the most self-evident bankruptcy of leadership, if the word leadership can be used at all.

More than ever, the solution for Palestine lies in a different orientation completely: unity of both the Arabs and the Jews against both the British and Nazi agents, against imperialism. Above all, against the extension of the war, against the catastrophic involvement of the Middle Eastern peoples in it.

JOHN ARNOLD.

William Gropper.

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Generations

Alfred J. Brenner writes a short story about two WPA men and the depression.

THE crisis was with us a long time. It broke into our play like cold rain; and then we had no more childhood. Later it was in our dreams at night. It sucked deeper and spread further into us all the time.

We were still children when it first came. Afterward we were no longer the same. But there were other generations: those of the turn of the century with the frontier dream still with them; the generation of the war which made a study of death; or the young men of the twenties who escaped into whisky or boxing or Paris or bed—with them this crisis was something else. It was a surprise as when your good luck suddenly goes in a crap game. Many of them waited for the dice to change again. Some of them couldn't understand the thing that happened. Every day was a surprise.

He came up to me one day in the library, a big man with wide shoulders, his body turning from his hips like a dancer's, and large hands.

"Jay?" he said. "Robert Jay?"

I looked up from my work. It was not a smile, but his lips were spread and there were lines around the corners and his teeth showed black and gold. It was something he made on his face that meant to show he wanted to be friendly. "Yes?" I kept looking into the black eyes, the small eyes narrowed like an aviator's, and the red face you knew he got working outside.

"They want you down at the office."

"What for?" I asked, quickly suspicious. Finks had been spread out through the projects now like cancer and I knew their salaries depended on lies.

"They want you. They didn't tell me what for."

"I'm supposed to be here, working," I said, nodding toward the reference books and papers spread across my long mahogany table.

"I got orders to bring you back to the office." He stood over me, his mouth a thin line now, his jaws tight like a detective's. You could see the muscles working below the ears.

I could almost feel the blood running through the arteries in my wrists. The anger was moving up to my throat. He stood there over me, stolid, duty written in 24-point type across his immovable face.

"You on the project?"

"Yes," he said.

"How long?"

"Three days. We better be going," he added quickly, the muscles loosening around his eyes.

I got up, sorted my papers, returned my books, and started slowly for the door. His eyes followed my movements carefully; then he walked beside me and we left the building as though we were handcuffed together.

October had broken into its usual flush of colors that year, bursting wildly into a breath-taking death-dance: the leaves were pale yellow and blood red and bright gold and faded brown and the dust fell on them and the odor of bonfires carried into twilight silently and the lights appeared in the windows. Then the rains came; for three days it rained and the winds shifted to the north and the skies were always dark. One day the trees were bare and the air was wet and the fog hung cold over the city, and everything was gray as lead when we came out of the library.

We walked along slowly down past the small park where I used to listen to the red-eyed men and women rave about God and Heaven and Hell to the unemployed on the benches and the tall office buildings that released their daily flood of pretty secretaries at noon and the old wooden buildings empty or turned into factories and the small lunchroom where I used to eat with the factory girls and kid the waitresses behind the counter and the little bald Greek who made me the best sandwiches on Broad Street. It had all become part of me and was like spice during the stale days of that year. Now I felt it going and I thought of the way we used to dig up worms in the summer and let them dry in the sun and the way I once cried about it.

He had turned the collar of his black suit up and hunched his shoulders and dug his hands into his pockets as the wet winds swept down the street. "I should have worn my overcoat like my wife said." He kept his eyes on the ground or on me. I knew he had no overcoat.

"I wonder what they want at the office," I muttered half to myself, knowing almost intuitively what they wanted, knowing about Congress and what it did to people I knew and people I didn't know and my friends.

"I dunno," he said. "What bus do you take?"

"I usually walk down to Market Street."

"I ain't as young as I used to be." His mouth widened again into that funny sad bewildered smile. Then I noticed that he was limping as he walked. "Let's take the bus on Central Avenue and change on Maple," he suggested. "It takes us right in front of the place."

"Okay," I said.

"Ain't you ever taken that bus?"

"I never knew about it."

"How long you lived in this town, young fella?"

"I don't really live here," I said.

"That's the way it is when you don't know a town." He smiled again. "I remember," he began, but the bus came and I saw as he got on that he lifted his right leg up stiffly as though he couldn't bend it. He caught me looking at it. "Lost it," he said as we sat down.

I looked out of the window at the gray day, burnt out, and the gray frame houses, lining the street coldly, also burnt out.

"Lost it a long time ago, more'n thirty years, in 1905. Guess that's before your time, ain't it?" He looked at me.

"Yes."

"I was working on the railroad then." He looked away. "It takes time to get used to a wooden one. I used to use a crutch." His face twisted a little. I knew then that he wasn't a fink, not really a fink.

The bus tumbled along slowly. We remained silent. Every now and then he'd look at me as if to say something; but he'd turn abruptly away. I wanted to talk to him. There was something far away and bewildered and gentle and surprised in his narrow black eyes, something deep and withheld and painfully present. I tried to figure out why it was we couldn't talk then and what it was that wouldn't let us.

The bus finally came to the junction and we got out to change. The wind kept coming, a mixture of razors cutting and acid burning. We stood there shivering, not speaking. It seemed the gray day was becoming darker. There were lights now in the street lamps but it was still afternoon.

"I remember this," he said, looking around. The houses were old and wooden and faded brown or dirty white. Across the street was a small gasoline station. "I remember this when there was nothing here at all, just a vacant lot. We used to play ball here. That was more'n forty years ago."

"Seems a long time."

"It *is* a long time. It's hard to realize."

A bus came after a while. We climbed inside. It was empty. "It seems funny coming back to it." He was staring out of the window, lost. Later he turned to me. "Do you see that house over there, at the end of the intersection?"

"Yes." It was a narrow wooden three-story building, old now, but you could see that it was once painted brown. It was not different from a thousand other houses.

"I was born there." He kept looking at the house, then at me, the queer smile moving about his lips. "I was born in that room on the third story where the windows are."

I looked at him.

"Over fifty years ago."

I couldn't say anything.

"We moved away when I got married, but I remember it, all of it, exactly like it was." Then he said, "Funny . . ."

Yeah, funny. Very funny!

The bus stopped across the street from the old red brick building which once was a school, but having been condemned as a fire-trap, now housed several WPA projects. It was a dirty building. You could see it rotting if you looked at it long enough.

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"That used to be a tannery in the old days," he said. "I used to go to the Sacred Heart School next door. We used to play there after school. The man that owned it liked us around. He liked kids but never got married. We all went to his funeral when he died." We crossed the street. "It's a strange feeling you get, coming back to it. Every day I get surprised. It seems like I'll wake up from a nightmare one of these days."

We entered the old school building. The smell hit us and we looked at each other and laughed. It was dark and gloomy as an old cathedral inside and the steps creaked when you stepped on them and the smell of burnt urine and dried sweat stayed with you while you were there, and it wasn't easy to get rid of later. The man turned to me in the hall on the second floor. "I never would have believed it if they told me this is where I was going to end up," he said. I saw his face twisted into a smile that his heart said was a moan and I couldn't answer. I walked into the office alone.

Johnson, the state supervisor, looked up at me. "Sit down, Jay."

"What is it?"

"Saved any money, Jay?"

"A little. Why?"

"You'll need it now."

"Is it?" I felt my insides begin to tumble.

"Yes." He gave it to me.

"It sure is a pink slip," I said.

"I'm sorry. You're a good man, Jay. If I can do anything."

"Congress?"

"Yes. They tell me business is getting better now. You might find something in private industry, now with the war."

"I'll try," I said. I couldn't stay any longer. I went out quickly, hearing him say "Good luck" through the open door. I passed the man who brought me in the hall. He was looking at his feet. I couldn't see his face for the shadows. I walked down the staircase and when I got down to the street I felt a great longing to cry to the man who was living in a nightmare. But I just walked down the street.

It was getting colder and darker all the time, but the smell of the building would not go away.

ALFRED J. BRENNER.

Not Fit to Broadcast

AS RADIO listeners tuned in to Columbia's broadcast from London one morning recently they were considerably surprised to hear the following passage wherein an English doctor was being interviewed by the CBS London broadcaster:

"Isn't it true, doctor, that the hospitals in Finland are marked clearly with Red Crosses?"

"Why, no . . ." replied the doctor, whereupon the program switched off instantaneously and returned to the air a minute afterward when the interview had passed on to less embarrassing subjects.

Inquisition in Chicago

Freedom of press and speech becomes "criminal contempt of court" in the Windy City. The FBI technique.

Chicago.

IN CHICAGO, enemies of civil rights have taken courage from J. Edgar Hoover's persecutions to institute a Holy Inquisition of their own against the Bill of Rights. Freedom of press and speech are under fire in a way reminiscent of the worst days of "Injunction Bill" Taft and A. Mitchell Palmer.

There is a judge here by the name of Lupe —John J. Lupe of the Superior Court. He is a Republican who rose to the bench out of a machine which produced a gentleman of national notoriety, one Al Capone. In Judge Lupe's court on March 1 the American Newspaper Guild was fined $5,000, with another $4,000 thrown in for the costs of a master of chancery. Through use of the injunction, the Guild is to be "fined out of existence," to use the quaint phrase of the counsel for Hearst's *Herald-American*.

Twenty days later, on March 21, in the same court there will appear for trial Louis F. Budenz, editor of the former *Daily Record* and *Record Weekly*, William L. Patterson, associate editor of these publications, and Bob Wirtz, local secretary of the International Labor Defense.

Budenz is accused of "criminal contempt" of court, because in one of his columns he criticized the judge's injunction in the guild case as a precedent which will prove seriously injurious to labor. Anyone who has read the column under attack will be astounded that it should evoke such an elaborate device of reprisal and persecution. Budenz had appealed to Judge Lupe, as an elective official, to reverse his order in the guild case, as the judge had done in an injunction granted to banking and contracting interests against the Negro housing project in Chicago. (Under pressure of an aroused South Side—aroused in large part, incidentally, by the *Daily Record* —Lupe had withdrawn a court order which would have tied up the first large-scale Negro public housing that Chicago has attempted.) Patterson, a national vice-president of the ILD, had joined with Wirtz and others in calling for protests against the judge's guild injunction.

The threat of imprisonment of these men for such mild acts and statements, and the fact that they are singled out for "criminal contempt" proceedings put the clear stamp of "political persecution" upon the maneuvers of the Hearst legal staff in these cases.

Budenz and Patterson are well known as members of the National Committee of the Communist Party. Wirtz is "suspected" of being a Communist or of having Communist sympathies. In this case, which had been dragged out for months and then suddenly brought to life after the J. Edgar Hoover manifestations of terror and intimidation, the technique of the Department of Justice is being used for political persecution in a new way. Judge Lupe himself gave such a color to the case on February 28, when he crowded the courtroom with twenty-five uniformed policemen. Although a continuance was granted at that time, the atmosphere thus thrown around the proceedings clearly indicated that it was not an ordinary "contempt of court" case.

Nothing has appeared in any of the local papers hinting that this case is in court. The *Daily Times*, also, which has paraded its alleged love for civil rights, has observed a rigid silence. Information about the case has been circulated outside of Chicago through ILD letters and leaflets, and protests have flooded Judge Lupe's office. A. M. L.

New York's Budget

THE budget for the fiscal year starting July 1 passed by the New York State Legislature is nominally the product of the Republican majority. Actually it is the joint work of both Republicans and Democrats. The family quarrel between them at times took on the heroic proportions of a barroom brawl. But the real issue was quite simple: both were vying for the role of champion of "economy." And both were agreed that the people were to get the short end of the budget.

Governor Lehman's own budget was introduced after consultation with Republican leaders. He showed the way by refusing to restore the cuts in state aid to education made in this year's budget, by slashing relief appropriations $10,000,000 below the amount being spent in the current fiscal year, and by proposing that $15,000,000 needed to balance the budget be raised by stepping up income taxes for the middle-income groups. The Republicans countered with a budget of their own. This cut expenditures by $5,000,000, chiefly at the expense of relief and state aid to education, and proposed to raise the additional $10,000,000 by devious ways, some of them highly nebulous. The governor thereupon again took the "economy" ball away from the Republicans by dropping his own tax scheme and asking instead four new cuts of $10,000,000. But when the vote came, the Republicans had their way.

The Republicans and Democrats also competed in the frostiness of the stares they cast at budget solutions others put forward. The Communists, for example, presented detailed proposals for the raising of $130,000,000 by taxing the rich. It looks as if the people of New York State, as of the nation, need to clean house. A victory for the American Labor Party progressives in the April 2 primaries will be a long step in that direction.

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The State of the Nation

THIS DEPARTMENT, which NEW MASSES presents weekly, is the joint work of a group of correspondents who send us a letter each week telling about the state of their part of the nation. As more correspondents write in, our coverage will increase. We invite our readers to send their contributions of significant happenings, anecdotes, etc., to "The State of the Nation," NEW MASSES.

Sour Milk Trust

BRISTOL, VT.—Reports from the farm front indicate that the whispering campaigns and intimidations of the milk trust are bearing fruit in the form of increasing membership and growing enthusiasm for the Dairy Farmers Union. Farmers hear that the trust hopes to provoke a strike during the "flush" (high production) season, in May or June, when the distributors feel that they would have a good chance of winning and destroying the union. Preparations are being made to meet the threat.

Beautiful Ohio

TOLEDO, O.—Because of curtailed finances the library board here has decided tentatively there shall be no purchases of new books, extensive repairs of old ones, or investments in supplies that can be avoided.

A WPA housing survey of Toledo shows that from January 1 to April 15, 1939, only sixty-two dwelling units were under construction. Prior to 1930, the city averaged seventeen hundred residential building permits a year for twenty years previous. Of 80,598 dwelling units in the city, 506 houses have no running water, 403 use gas for lighting, 248 have no cooking facilities of any kind, 4,788 are without any refrigeration of any type, 17,908 are substandard, and there are 3,882 homes with no bathrooms and 1,035 without inside toilet facilities. Six-tenths of 1 percent have no heating plants of permanent character. Only 45 percent of the dwelling units are reported in good condition.

Clyde Fisher, fifty-nine, of Box 416, Woodville Road, found dead in a chicken shack back of his home, left a note: "Old age is an incurable disease and what will be will be. There will have to be a change in this country of ours or more and more people will take this way out. The old like to live as well as the young, but they don't want to go hungry. It has become so an old person is not given a chance to make a living. So why live? . . ." There was printed on the bottom of the note on memorandum paper: "Time 1:10. Not nervous."

"Over There" Again

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There's a plan afoot here to revive George M. Cohan's "Over There" as a hymn for the interventionists. Don't laugh, but a medal has already been struck by the administration to honor George M. for the great military recruiting song of twenty-two years ago. Bruce Barton is pushing it and the presentation, scheduled for last month, was held up only because of the Yankee Doodle Dandy's bad cold. Cohan may do a new song to combat "The Yanks Are Not Coming!"

The Fixer Fixed

CHICAGO.—Involved in income tax and perjury troubles with "Mr. Whiskers," William Goldstein, attorney and fixer for Chicago's major gambling syndicate, and his boss, Billy Skidmore, are beset with new difficulties before the National Labor Relations Board. Skidmore last summer founded the Waukegan (Ill.) *Post* to oppose the long established and notoriously open-shop Waukegan *News-Sentinel* which had vigorously fought the inroads of the Skidmore syndicate in Lake County. Billy sought to control the gambling rackets in night clubs, roadhouses, and summer resorts of suburban Lake County.

More troubles arose for Messrs. Goldstein and Skidmore when employees of the Waukegan *Post* grew tired of insufferable working conditions. White collar workers in the editorial, circulation, and business departments slaved long hours for an average wage of $20 a week—less than a third of the salary paid to a blackjack dealer in one of Skidmore's gambling dives. A $5-a-week copy boy worked fifty-six hours a week. Goaded by long hours, small and uncertain pay, repeated firings, and publisher terrorism, the Skidmore-Goldstein employees formed an independent union, threatened to strike. Wiser minds advised affiliation with the American Newspaper Guild, and the Waukegan Guild was formed with a membership of twenty-one out of the thirty-one circulation and editorial department employees.

Called before a meeting of these guild member-employees, Goldstein blustered, shouted, refused to bargain with his workers, saying: "I won't bargain with you until I have to. You don't represent a majority of my employees. And besides I'm not under the Wagner act—I'm not in interstate commerce."

Three days later, Reporter David Goodman distributed, during his lunch hour, union literature in the mechanical departments of the *Post* plant. Summarily "suspended," Goodman asked Goldstein when he would return to work. With more than a hint of the goon tactics of the gambling syndicate, Goldstein shouted: "When the Labor Board makes me take you back. Now get out of town before I knock hell out of you."

Dialectical Makeup

STRATFORD, CONN.—Two items concerning Igor Sikorsky, notorious enemy of the Soviet Union, appeared together in the February 25 issue of the Bridgeport (Conn.) *Sunday Post*. One read: "'The Situation in Russia Today' will be the subject of an address by Igor I. Sikorsky, Stratford airplane manufacturer, at a dinner meeting of the Bridgeport Y's Men's Club at 6:25 p.m. Monday in the YMCA." The other: "A U. S. Navy contract for airplane parts amounting to $21,845, according to information from Washington, was awarded yesterday to the Vought-Sikorsky division of the United Aircraft corporation."

The composing room somehow mixed the heads and thus supplied a rare touch of editorial understanding, altogether too rare.

Tolerance Breaks Out

DETROIT.—Last Friday a number of young people stood outside Northwestern High School passing out leaflets. A scout car raced up, the youths were thrown into it and whisked down to police headquarters. There they were interned in separate cells, refused permission to communicate with one another, or with relatives and friends outside—and grilled. The supposedly disbanded "Red Squad" did the grilling. One of the girls was told that if she were caught handing out leaflets again, she would be charged with inciting to riot.

As it happens, several riots—race riots—have recently broken out in the neighborhood of the school, and the police have insisted they are powerless to stop them. The leaflets to which they raised such violent objection happened to be precisely what the situation called for. Issued jointly by the Detroit Jewish Youth Council, the Wayne University Student Union, the Youth Division of the NAACP, and the Amicus Club of Northwestern High School, they constituted an appeal from youth to youth for tolerance and friendly relations. Why, Detroiters are asking, were the police so disturbed over them?

The Height of Education

HAMMOND, IND.—The board of education here set a record in violating academic freedom. Under new regulations no employee of the school board may be a member of a political party or political club, society, or association, or express any political belief!

Starving Better Now

BUTTE, MONT.—What's more reactionary than a Chamber of Commerce? Well, D. M. Kelly, vice president of the Anaconda Copper Co., shocked even the CC here by saying, at its banquet:

"I want to say to you that in my judgment the people on relief in this community have had better food on their tables throughout this period of depression than the average workman did in hard times twenty-five or fifty years ago. I can remember down on the farm when there were fourteen of us around the table every meal—twelve children and my father and mother—and we used to get an orange in our stocking for Christmas. Now, if the children of today haven't fruit and fruit juices for breakfast in the morning they are undernourished and underprivileged."

While the fat v. p. of one of the world's biggest corporations is thus sneering at starving people, the Butte Rotana is in the midst of a local campaign to raise $4,000 for milk for undernourished, needy children.

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Business Manager CARL BRISTEL.

West Coast Representative GEORGE WILLNER.

★

Judge Lynch in the Senate

MASKED men flogged Isaac Gaston, white, until he died last week near Atlanta, Ga. Before that they had seriously injured two Negro women, a minister, and another white man. At the same moment, United States senators from the poll tax states prepared to prevent passage of a law that supposedly would compel local police officials to protect their prisoners against lynchers. This is the so-called Anti-Lynching Bill, S 845, the Wagner-Capper-Van Nuys measure.

Three times—in 1922, 1937, and again this year, the House has passed an Anti-Lynching Bill. Many congressmen have voted for it in order to pose as defenders of the Negro people, to win their vote. Then follows a period of delay when the measure reaches the Senate, a long-drawn-out committee hearing, postponement from day to day until the filibuster gang can gather its forces and, in the last days of the session, talk the bill to death.

That is the plan this spring. Already a Senate sub-committee has held lengthy hearings at which senators have freely insulted representatives of the Negro people who spoke for the bill. There have been the usual hypocritical cries about states' rights and white womanhood.

The CIO, Labor's Non-Partisan League, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and many other organizations have urged passage of the bill. Opposition to it comes from Wall Street-financed landowners and industrialists who want to keep their terrorist weapon against trade-union unity of Negroes and whites. Ben Davis, Jr., and Pat Toohey represented the Communist Party at the hearings last week. Davis, who is a member of the *Daily Worker* editorial board, bluntly exposed the forces obstructing passage. To the committee's Red-baiting threats he replied: "All I want to know is—when are you going to pass that bill?"

So do the American people.

Six Still in Jail

SEVEN years ago the Scottsboro boys went to jail. Four were freed after a worldwide campaign of the International Labor Defense against the notorious frameup. Five pleaded again for release before the Alabama Board of Pardons and Paroles last week. Again they were cruelly sent back to prison. The board attempted to ignore the historic struggle for their freedom; the boys are to be treated henceforth as "individual prisoners," not "the Scottsboro boys." In Brooklyn last week John Williams, Negro youth, appealed his second conviction on framed charges of rape, a conviction obtained before a judge who stated from the bench: "I wish I could give him life!" Again the ILD leads the fight, basing its plea on simple justice for black and white alike.

Hail to the Queen!

BRITAIN'S war propaganda machine went into high-geared action with the unheralded arrival on March 7 of the *Queen Elizabeth* at the port of New York. Acres of newsprint were wasted upon the maiden voyage of the great vessel, which now lies cosily beside four other Allied luxury liners in a North River slip. Are these super-liners awaiting conversion into a troop transport which may, on one journey alone, carry fifty thousand American youths to European battlefields? American eyes opened to the truth behind the headlines as the *Queen Elizabeth's* seamen told how they had been shanghaied into the overseas voyage and had threatened a strike to get their war risk bonuses.

The British Admiralty made excellent use of American official "neutrality" in another venture in Western waters when on March 10 a British cruiser intercepted the 5,600-ton German steamship *Hannover* in Muna Channel, a seventy-five-mile strip of water separating Puerto Rico and the Dominican republic, and a vital link in the Panama Canal defense system. Admiralty disregard of the three-hundred-mile neutrality belt around the Americas has thus far wakened no protest in State Department breasts.

Rags and Riches

NOT since 1929 have corporations enjoyed such huge profits. The National City Bank reports that 960 manufacturing corporations made 8.4 percent on investment in 1939, as against 4.2 percent in 1938. Net profits were 98.1 percent higher. In 1939's last quarter, says the New York *Times Analyst,* sixty-two corporations made a net profit of $265,000,000—higher for the same group than in the last year of "prosperity."

Since January 1, business has slumped with alarming rapidity. The Federal Reserve Board's adjusted index hit an all-time high of 128 in December. It now stands at 108, for an equally all-time quick two months' drop. The CIO monthly economic report estimates that employment fell off 14 percent in January. Total estimated unemployment for February 1 is 11,936,000. Last month's continued decline has unquestionably added new hundreds of thousands to the jobless rolls.

Despite Roosevelt's efforts to turn the eyes of America toward the European war, demands for a solution to the impending major crisis are being heard. The CIO urges an immediate expansion of WPA, offering a graphic chart to prove that recovery in recent years has been paced by such expansion, crisis following WPA cuts. Senator O'Mahoney drags out one of the pet suggestions of the reactionaries: that employers who hire additional workers be given tax reduction. The CIO holds that increased productive efficiency has increased output, reduced wage cost per unit; 1939 profits were based thus not upon new capital investment but upon speedup, rationalization. Memories of 1929 are recalled by corporation-sponsored youth conferences on "How to Get a Job," such as the Career Conference of the Vocational Service for Juniors, held last week in New York. "There are greater opportunities in the United States now than in the days of our grandfathers," said Frederick W. Nichol, general manager of the International Business Machines Corp., who apparently did not use one of his own machines in coming to that conclusion.

Gelding the NLRA

THE amendments to the National Labor Relations Act proposed by the Smith committee are invitations to commit mayhem against one of our most important democratic rights—labor's right to organize. They would convert the act and the National Labor Relations Board into instruments of the anti-union employers. Quite properly the U. S. Chamber of Commerce has hastened to give these proposed amendments its accolade. But the CIO and *Labor,* organ of the railway unions, have denounced this ugly offspring of the illicit union of big business and the AFL hierarchy.

One of the Smith committee's principal recommendations is the separation of the board's prosecuting, administrative, and judicial functions. Even the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* admits that this "would mark a distinct departure from the customary operation of judicial law." Prosecution would be in the hands of an administrator who would be independent of the three-man board. As Representatives Murdock and Healy pointed out in their minority report, "There is absolutely no remedy by appeal to the board or otherwise from an arbitrary or capricious refusal of the administrator to proceed with a charge made in good faith." Moreover, not only every decision of the board, but all of its findings of fact, would be subject to review and veto by the courts.

The proposal to create a new board in place of the present one is designed to get rid of Chairman J. Warren Madden, Edwin Smith, and other members of the personnel who are regarded as too pro-labor. But this amendment would not prevent the reappointment of FDR's man, William M. Leiserson, whom the National Association of Manufacturers and the AFL royal family have found decidedly malleable. Another amendment would bar reinstatement to their jobs of workers fired for union activity if "a preponderance of the testimony shows" that they have "willfully engaged in violence or unlawful destruction or seizure of property." This

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would open the way to wholesale trumped-up charges of violence against strikers through the use of labor spies and provocateurs.

While the Roosevelt adminitration professes to be opposed to the Smith committee amendments, it is actually moving toward agreement with the more open reactionaries. This is indicated by David Lawrence in his Washington column in the March 8 issue of the New York *Sun:*

> There is reason to believe the President, however, really wants some changes in the Wagner law. His failure to give his assent on Thursday to the amendments proposed by Representative Smith—an incident that prevented a unanimous agreement of the Smith committee and compelled a three to two report—does not necessarily mean that he will withhold approval of a bill that reaches him for signature after the necessary concessions, compromises, and adjustments are made as the legislation goes through various stages in the House and Senate.

Spain's 200,000

IT WILL come as no surprise to NEW MASSES readers to learn that our own State Department has long adhered to a program of support to the British and French government's disastrous policies of "non-intervention" and "conciliation." But those many thousands of Americans who gave unstintingly to Spain during its war, and to its refugees afterward, will be shocked to learn that these reactionary forces found some willing dupes, or perhaps unwitting allies, among the American delegation to the conference to aid Spanish refugees held recently in Mexico City. Marc Frank's article on page 15 outlines the great political as well as humanitarian significance of that gathering.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt had approved of the event in her column on the grounds that mass emigration of the refugees to the Americas would relieve the position of the "democratic and generous" Daladier government. The 200,000 Spanish refugees in France would probably like to learn what she thinks about the official circular just received from Paris at the Spanish Refugee Relief Campaign headquarters.

In it General Menard communicates the order of the government to close all Spanish refugee centers. Its provisions will chill the heart of anybody who understood what the Spanish loyalists fought for. "The said closure will be effective on March 15," the circular states. "All Spanish refugees who cannot prove that they have relatives who are serving France whether in the army or through their work, will be repatriated. Absolutely no exceptions will be tolerated. . ." Nor will any mercy be shown women, the circular indicates. "Consideration will be given only to those who have been able to produce weighty evidence for not returning to Spain." The mandate further states that a review of questionnaires, filled out for this purpose by the refugees at the end of September (1939), will be made. This means that very few of these will be allowed the right of asylum. Those in this category will be forced from the camps to "find their own means of existence."

The circular concludes with the declaration that "all those not included in the aforementioned categories will be conducted under guard in groups to the frontier at Hendaye." And what will happen to them when they arrive in Franco Spain will never be told.

Help the Refugees

IT IS harrowingly clear that Bonnet's action in dissolving the Spanish Refugee Evacuation Service will effectively hinder any organized evacuation across the Atlantic. What is involved, as Marc Frank points out, is a coldblooded intrigue with the lives and liberties of 200,000 of Spain's republicans still in France, an intrigue on a par with the Casado sellout and Daladier's return of the Spanish republic's arms and gold to Franco.

The role of Indalecio Prieto at the conference is one that concerns all Americans who want to see the Spanish republicans back in power. Prieto and a small group of wavering politicos, whose contribution to the Spanish republic's fight against domestic and invading fascism was about nil, have practically embraced Casado's disastrous theory of "reconciliation." This in face of what Franco means by his law of "political responsibilities"!

It is clear that those who opposed the passage of the reports offered in Mexico City, condemning the French government's action, not only failed to placate that government but actually strengthened its determination to "solve" the refugee problem by turning over the valiant people to Franco's firing squads. The complete repudiation of such policies by the large majority of the delegates to Mexico is additional proof that all Americans who ardently favored a republican victory in Spain have not become fainthearted. On the contrary, they are eager to fight on with the best of Spain that has not, and never will, give up the fight.

Subways on Guard

NOT since San Francisco mobilized behind the maritime workers in 1934 has such labor unity been achieved in a metropolitan community as that solid front of CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods, and Workers Alliance for the Transport Workers Union in their dispute with Mayor LaGuardia of New York City. The mayor told 27,000 union workers of the IRT and BMT that because of civil service rules transit unification meant abrogation of their contracts, the end of the closed shop on May 1, 1940. Union President Michael J. Quill replied with the accusation that LaGuardia had conceded all demands of the bankers from whom the city has bought the subways for $326,000,000. He termed LaGuardia's proposal for labor relations between city and workers "a vicious yellow-dog, company-union plan," and implied that LaGuardia is "a bankers' puppet."

Three meetings of thousands of TWU workers unanimously delegated to the union executives the power to call a strike. A conference between representatives of CIO, AFL, Brotherhoods, ILGWU, and Workers Alliance groups resulted in similarly unanimous support. All other unionists on trolley lines, bus lines, and in maintenance divisions agreed to walk out, if necessary, in defense of the TWU which has won them so many concessions in pay and working conditions.

LaGuardia traveled to Birmingham to address the U. S. Conference of Mayors, of which he is president. He was greeted by a delegation from the Alabama state CIO Council who demanded that he meet TWU representatives. LaGuardia capitulated, promised to meet Quill. The next step is up to the Little Flower.

Letting Down the Farmer

DOWN on the farm the days are growing longer and the cash shorter. The war has curtailed foreign markets for farm products. Mounting unemployment is narrowing the domestic market. The cumulative effects of a twenty-year unsolved agricultural crisis are compounding disaster. What do the two major political parties offer the American farmer?

Thomas E. Dewey, aspirant to the Republican nomination for the Presidency, gave his answer the other day. "After seven years of harrowing the country," he said, "the New Deal has not yet scratched the surface of the farm problem." Only too true. So let's watch some of Farmer Dewey's surface-scratching. Point 1: "Establish a fair parity between agricultural prices and industrial prices." Sounds familiar, doesn't it? In fact, Dewey's entire eight-point program has the same familiar ring; it is lifted from the slogans and policies of the Roosevelt administration.

Two days later President Roosevelt took his turn at kicking this particular political football. In an address broadcast to the nation-wide AAA dinners the President looked steadfastly away from the desolation of the countryside and twittered pleasant platitudes. And he who cut more than $400,000,000 out of the appropriations for farm aid did not blush when he said:

> So it is more than ever important for farmers to have a government in Washington that is looking out for their interests—not just by uttering glittering generalities, but by specific policies and concrete action.

Among the "farmers" thus looked after by the administration was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. which in 1937 received the largest slice of farm benefits. Reports the United Press: "Nearly all the top payments went to life insurance companies and banks, which have become large-scale owners of farms through foreclosures."

Nothing but stone and stubble for Mr. Farmer in the words of both these gentlemen. In contrast, the recent meeting of the National Committee of the Communist Party offered a program that every American farmer can recognize as something more than landscape and surface scratching. This program calls for:

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Guarantee of cost of production; a moratorium on debts and taxes for low-income farm groups; prohibition of foreclosures, evictions, and sales; measures to protect sharecroppers; long-term loans for the rehabilitation of sharecroppers and tenants; long-term loans for refinancing mortgages, for production, feed, seed, etc.; extension of the Social Security Act to working farmers, tenants, and farm laborers; democratic administration of government farm relief projects through committees elected by working farmers; adequate funds for housing, resettlement, and relief for migratory farm laborers and their inclusion under all federal labor protective legislation.

Markham and Garland

EDWIN MARKHAM at eighty-seven and Hamlin Garland at seventy-nine had long outlived their most creative periods as writers of the people. A later generation had cloaked with respectability the rebellious spirit to which their fame was originally due. Both came from the West, Markham from Oregon and Hamlin from Dakota Territory, and they brought with them the energetic challenge of the frontier. Markham had been a sheepherder, farmer, blacksmith, cowboy, and school teacher when "The Man with the Hoe" appeared in a San Francisco newspaper. That was in 1899. Printed under such obscure circumstances, the poem was to become a symbol of protest against the degradation of the underprivileged in a class society. Hamlin Garland's realistic accounts of the sons and daughters of the middle border likewise introduced a fresh note into American literature. His stories of the hardworking farmers of the Midwest were literary expressions of the Populist revolt. They shocked the literary academies of the East; but they were widely read and appreciated by the plain folk of Wisconsin and Iowa and Minnesota. Neither Markham nor Garland was a major writer, yet each in his own way, and in his own time, advanced the democratic tradition in American letters.

Just a Japanese Sand Man

EMPEROR HIROHITO of Japan is a holy man. He is a warlord, whose divinity is unquestioned. But he can't make his coal mines operate; the shortage of coal has resulted in a 35 percent reduction in power output. He can't stop the price of rice from increasing; speculators reap a harvest of yen as this staple foodstuff is stored against still higher prices. He can't stop his printing presses from printing bank notes; the legal limit of issue has been exceeded by 517,000,000 yen. He can't pay his people enough money to satisfy their debtors; wages and salaries are fixed at the level of Sept. 18, 1939, and there they stay. Nor can his priests pray away the 10 percent rise in general commodity prices; price control doesn't control. Do you wonder why his soldiers are facing homeward from the battlefields of Kiangsi, Honan, and the gorges of the Yangtse-Kiang? Poor Hirohito. Is he really a god of bronze, or just a god of gold?

Readers' Forum

The FPA on Finland

TO NEW MASSES: When I leave the "fold" of NEW MASSES, and take a step into other pastures, I am almost always apt to have disheartening experiences. First, because of the amount of misinformation about the USSR so prevalent among otherwise well-meaning people, and second, because of their bitter animosity towards the policies and practices of that progressive country.

This is particularly so at the monthly luncheon-forums of the Foreign Policy Association. As I had always understood it, the object of the FPA was to offer an impartial and unbiased platform for the expression of opinions by authoritative speakers on current national and international situations.

The session on Saturday, February 24, was devoted to the subject: "Scandinavia—What Next for the Northern Neutrals?" The speakers were: Odd Nansen, affectionately introduced by our chairman, Mr. Frank Moss McCoy, president of the FPA, as the worthy son of his father, who did so much for peace in the First World War; Lothrop Stoddard, notorious racist propagandist, author of *Clashing Tides of Color*; S. Shephard Jones, director of the World Peace Foundation and author of *The Scandinavian States and the League of Nations.*

A large audience turned out—perhaps over five hundred diners and even more listeners in the two well-filled galleries.

The speakers' themes seemed unvaried: help, quick help, and the right (?) kind of help, for the innocent, invaded Finns who were struggling not only to defend themselves against their vicious aggressors, but, in fact, fighting the battle of the whole world to save democracy and civilization! The frequent applause left no doubt as to the effect on the audience.

But, outdoing all the others, Mr. Nansen dramatically pointed a finger at his rapt listeners and said, among a number of things of like nature: "I once considered myself a pacifist, having seen all the horrors and sufferings of war, but today I no longer stand for peace; you here in your country may feel safe at the present moment, but if you do not send arms and ammunition promptly to aid Finland, you, your children, and grandchildren will pay for your mistakes!" I was astonished and appalled at such a warmongering speech from an FPA platform. I felt that the swinging doors of progress had suddenly jammed, leaving the so-called liberals of the FPA caught on the side of prejudice and reaction.

During question period, a few persons from the floor addressed questions now to one speaker and then to another; none was addressed to Mr. Nansen, who might well have been asked why the USSR's attempt to protect herself from a second foreign invasion made her a danger to democracy, as he had claimed. I felt that there was one question which could not well be left unasked, and it had to be asked of the chairman, as president of the FPA. Accordingly I inquired if I might address a query to him; he graciously consented. "Is it fair," I said "to turn the FPA platform over to an appeal for ammunition and other war materials to be sent to Finland? Was it a fair presentation of the foreign situation to represent Finland as a pink angel with white wings and the USSR as a beast of prey?"

Mr. McCoy seemed amused at my question, as if it were too childish for consideration. "I'll take it under advisement," he smilingly retorted and proceeded with the next question.

After the meeting I was surrounded by quite a few people who shook my hand and expressed their gratitude to me for having voiced their sentiment.

EVA ROBIN.

New York City.

Good Liberals

TO NEW MASSES: I have been a reader of the old and the new MASSES for many years but I have never been able to gather enough courage to write to you, although I have had the urge on many occasions. The high quality of NEW MASSES journalism is probably the chief reason; I have always felt that there was no room in the magazine for amateurs. But a letter in your February 20 issue from A. Garcia Diaz, dealing with the liberals, prompted this communication.

I agree with Mr. Diaz that some liberals have run for cover since the advent of the Second Imperialist War. But he makes a serious error in putting all liberals in one group and then calling them names. That, in my opinion, is unjust to some liberal men and women who are as firm today in the struggle for a better world as they were before war broke out. Certainly there have been desertions: Vincent Sheean, Ralph Bates, Granville Hicks, and others. Look at the position taken by the so-called defenders of civil liberties, the ACLU: defense for everyone but the Reds. I agree that this would make the blood of a mummy boil. But are the honest liberals responsible for that? No more than a union is responsible for the actions of some members who desert in time of strife. It seems to me that the men running for cover now are like so many prodigal sons who come back home to make peace with their families and seek forgiveness from Wall Street for having slummed so long. The position taken by Mr. Diaz will most certainly be resented by the liberals who refuse to be identified with those that have come home to roost in the imperialist camp.

Dr. Norman Bethune, who gave his life in the people's struggle, is an example of the sort of men who make us realize that we of the working class have many thousands of friends among the liberals whom we can count on to stand with us no matter how tough the fight may be. I think that instead of condemning the liberals as a class, we should prove to them that our fight is their fight.

B. J. LOUIS.

New York City.

Attention, Poets

TO NEW MASSES: We invite the poets among your readers to send to us for copies of the Poets' Challenge for Peace and Freedom, a petition now being nationally circulated for poets' signatures in behalf of keeping this country out of war; opposing foreign loans to belligerent nations and the war recruiting of United States residents; calling for close adherence to the Bill of Rights and its interpretation to safeguard the rights of all labor unions and all minority groups; demanding adequate federal and state relief and the restoration of all federal cultural projects on an enlarged basis; and opposing regimentation of the civilian population. Requests for the petition should be addressed to Ralph Cheyney, president, Western Poets Congress, 923 East Mountain St., Pasadena, Calif.

Yours for more life in poetry, more poetry in life.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

Pasadena, Calif.

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"Trouble in July"

Edwin Berry Burgum reviews the new novel by Erskine Caldwell. Politics and lynching in the South. Jeff McCurtain's dilemma.

TROUBLE IN JULY, *by Erskine Caldwell. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50.*

ERSKINE CALDWELL in the past has been the novelist of a happy-go-lucky sex-crazy phase of Southern life—of a South restless and impulsive beneath its deceptive air of indolence, where bravado masquerades as heroism and honesty in self-deprecation justifies irresponsibility in conduct. Caldwell's satire has been only the stylization of the indigenous drollery of Southerners who refuse to take themselves seriously and make an art, if not a virtue, out of their own defects. His style has been the literary representation of the distortion that results from failing to recognize a complex totality of experience and choosing rather to isolate some superficial aspects of it. In a number of his short stories he has expressed with considerable understanding and an unqualified directness the authority of passion in adolescence, and the note of his style therefore has been emphatic, but not distorted.

It has been in Caldwell's novels chiefly that the distortion has appeared. In them his air of detached and callous amusement at the disastrous effects of ignorance and impulse has reflected an inability to grasp the significance of the disaster. It is not surprising that *Tobacco Road* has been the major hit of recent years in the New York theater. Even the heroic, which is once represented in *God's Little Acre,* though treated with respect is not treated with insight, and consequently only replaces the quality of burlesque with that of melodrama. Caldwell has treated too lightly certain serious antagonisms in the Southern personality and Southern life. The charm of his style has been the measure of his frivolity.

The style has changed in *Trouble in July.* And the root of the change is to be found, I think, in Caldwell's discovery that these antagonisms are more complicated and more serious than he had been willing to admit. The new novel is the best that he has yet written. The more adequate attention that he has given to his material has produced the esthetic reward of a well constructed plot that is expressed without unevenness in the quality of the style. The reader is no longer distracted by the brilliance of the episode, or indeed the virtuosity of the writer in general, but passes directly to the story that is told. In comparison to a Faulkner, to be sure, the pattern is still a simple one. *Trouble in July* is a novel in which motivation, though sufficiently rich and convincing, remains suggestive and subordinate to the narrative. Enough of the easy going humor, the delight

ERSKINE CALDWELL, *author of "Tobacco Road," "God's Little Acre," and "Kneel to the Rising Son," writes about a more complex South in his new novel.*

in the ridiculous, of the earlier novels survives to give a flavor of garrulity, but it has been driven into the background by a more objective style which Caldwell's very absorption in the new possibilities of his material has evoked.

Contradictions of motive come too fast in this breath-taking narrative for any considerable play of irony upon their paradoxical complexion, and they are too closely involved in the "suspense" of attention to permit the distraction of stylistic distortion. Indeed, our social science being what it is at present, the tempo of the action itself predicts that Caldwell has renounced the social attitude of defeatism. No longer do we linger over the antics of poor whites in order to relish how hopelessly crazy life is in the South. A new ingredient has caused this shift to the action and to a new kind of action. It is the discovery that there are forces now in Southern life, which, by calling forth a new order of antagonisms, are awakening the dormant dignity of man.

Caldwell does not make explicit these new social forces of which he has become aware. But they are responsible for the transformation of style, the new esthetic effect of the novel, and the critic must point them out, even at the risk of distorting the novel and making it appear a more directly sociological document than it actually is. These novel pressures are immediately Northern, everything of recovery of the spirit of Lincoln and the Declaration of Independence that is symbolized in the Anti-Lynching Bill now before Congress. The national split between New and Old Deal in the Democratic Party had the direct organizational effect in this insignificant Southern county that a two-party system was virtually created. So, when a lynching is planned and the sheriff proposes as usual to go fishing, his boss, the Old Deal judge, calls him back. He must make a stab, at least, in the direction of performing his legal duty out of fear of the growing New Deal faction in the coming election. The sheriff translates this pressure into terms of the public servant seeking to gain reelection by giving the public what it wants, and he is confused to find out that perhaps it doesn't want so unanimously what it has always demanded in the past. In other words, behind the political pressures from Washington is a change in local attitudes that reflects the transformation of Southern economy.

The Negro is hanged for a rape he did not commit. But lynching is now on the defensive. The lynch mob no longer basks in the approval of a solid community sentiment of which it deems itself the heroic agent. If for some readers the Negro does not get the proper amount of attention we must remember that the approach in the novel, which is that of the dominant whites in the community, forbade it. Structurally it is a more serious defect that the subplot dealing with the girl in the case and her white lover is too sketchily treated. This oversexed adolescent has been thrown upon the affection of men through her lack of it at home. Her lover rejects her because of the scandal though he knows the accusation is not true. Her thwarted affection turns towards the lynched Negro, and in hatred of the whites who have treated her similarly with injustice, she shouts to the mob that the Negro was innocent. And the mob, to justify itself, stones her to death. Here is a novel in itself which the plan of this novel forces into subordination. But it is a pity that the rapidity of the main story has blurred its possibilities.

However, Caldwell has, I believe, done right in centering his attention on the sheriff. For upon him these various forces, old and new, altogether impinge. He is, as the phrase goes, on the hot spot. And the result is no longer the simple picture of an indolent self-indulgent man of 250 pounds, groaning that circumstances are getting too much for him and he wishes he could resign. There is something of the old Caldwell humor and much

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of colloquial beauty in the sheriff's expression of his distress. He has worked himself "frazzled-assed trying to keep from getting mixed up in political disputes just so I can keep this office." But he has been compelled to feel a new consciousness of his legal duty which stimulates his affection for all indolent good-natured men who make mistakes. Not daring to prevent the lynching, he arouses himself to an extreme of energy to save the life of a second Negro, an old friend of his cell for petty offenses, who has been taken by the mob as hostage. He doesn't want "anything farfetched" to happen to Sam Brinson. He exerts himself, and, though not at all as a result of his efforts, since the other Negro has been caught, Sam goes free. But all this old Caldwell paradox dissolves in our recognition of the change that has come over the sheriff's personality. He remembers the coroner's oath "to perform his duty as he sees it, without fear or favor." "That's a mighty pretty oath for a man in public office to swear to. I reckon I had sort of forgotten it." This is not simply a new Caldwell. It is the new South.

In lazy Jeff McCurtain, Caldwell has come to understand that a man never sinks so low that the proper influences cannot awaken forgotten virtues. And in this swiftly moving story he has shown them beginning to effect the transformation.

EDWIN BERRY BURGUM.

Auden's Poems

ANOTHER TIME, *by W. H. Auden. Random House. $2.*

AUDEN is a good poet, and there are beautiful poems in his new book, *Another Time,* which is divided into three sections: "People and Places," "Lighter Poems," and "Occasional Poems."

There are more poor poems in *Another Time* than in any of his other books, but this is due to the fact that he is experimenting in a new form, which he has not mastered and which, in my opinion, he is not likely to master. They are chiefly contained in the section titled "Lighter Poems" consisting of some ballads in the Frankie-and-Johnny pattern and some skits in the sophisticated vaudeville style.

In these lighter poems, rather nakedly exposed, appears one of the two disagreeable qualities that flaw his interesting and lovely poetry. This is a labored attempt to be democratic, to establish contact with the crowd. The attempt fails because, by the evidence in the poetry, he feels that contact is to be achieved by a descent, a descent into vulgarity. This becomes more striking when one compares these lighter poems with the lighter poems of C. Day Lewis, also patterned on ballads and song lyrics, where the contact is in the suffering or the strength of the people of the crowd, not in their weaknesses or their escapes.

It is interesting to note that in these poems Auden's superb craftsmanship turns clumsy.

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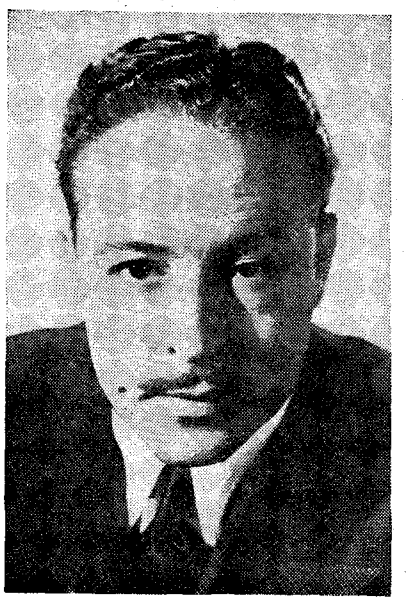

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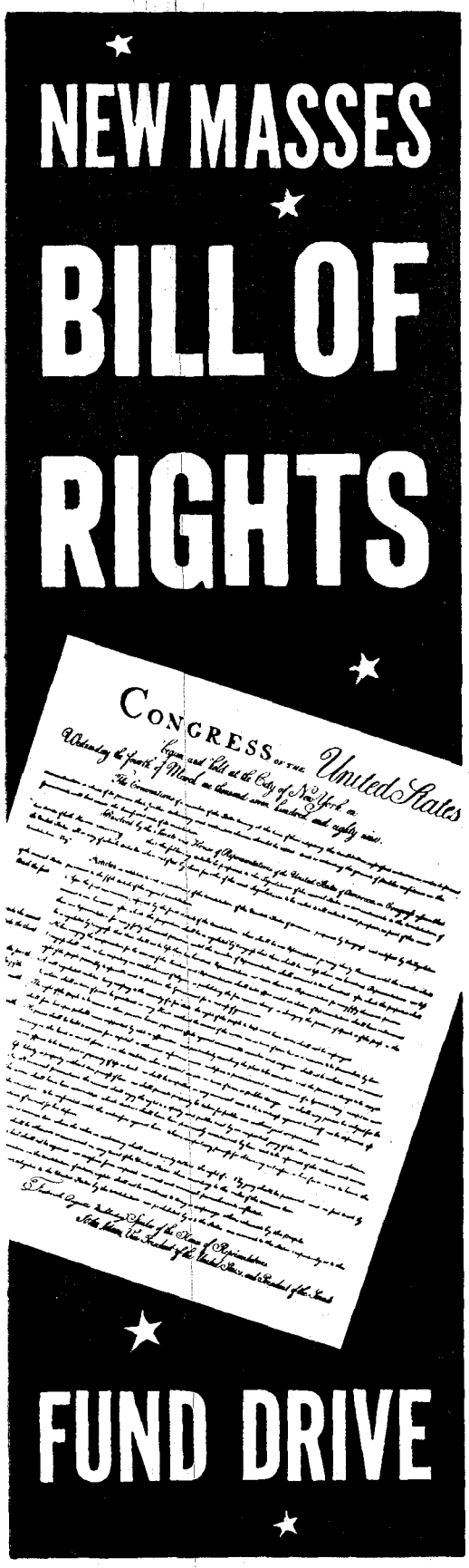

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At these stunts dozens of *New Yorker* poets and Broadway skit writers can outwrite him and make him look silly.

The other quality that flaws his work has been too much commented upon to call for much comment here. It is obscurity. It clouds much of his work and is the result, so far as I have been able to analyze it, of three circumstances that in no case justify it. One is the falling into the personal association which may be titillating to the author, or a small circle of intimates but which in any case remains a solitary diversion; another is the use of accidental association, that is, of things that happen to occur together in the mind in association as mechanical and arbitrary as the alliterations in a dictionary, and which there is as little reason for using; the third is imprecision and vagueness which irritate the careful reader who, looking for deeper beauties under fine filaments of sound, does not find them.

Both flaws are present even in some of his best poems. They appear even in a poem of such large sonorities and ideas as "Spain."

The underlying tone of the poems is a sadness that comes close at times to resignation, at times to cynicism. If Auden goes any closer he will shut off his potentialities for becoming a major poet of and for our time. At present he stops himself short by his reverence for human achievement, as in his memorial poems to William Butler Yeats, Ernst Toller, and Sigmund Freud; and in the poem "Spain." So long as greatness in the lives of great men, and greatness in the actions of groups of men, continue to attract him, large poems will be possible to him. Otherwise he will find that the refuges of defeat are, on the poetic plane, as mean, inhospitable, and cramped as on the geographical plane. A few poems in *Another Time* bear this out.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Hunters and Pioneers

THE TREES, *by Conrad Richter. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

CONRAD RICHTER'S new novel, *The Trees*, reconstructs a phase of pioneer life of the period not long after the Revolution, when there were only fifteen stars in the American flag. It is the story of the hunter Worth Luckett and his family, their life in the dense wilderness of what is now the state of Ohio.

A family that "followed the woods as some families follow the sea," the Lucketts set out from Pennsylvania when the game left the country, and tramped through the woods to make their home on a spot north of the Ohio River. We are given a series of episodes which recreate their struggle to wrest a living from the forest. Their woodlore, folklore, religious and social patterns, life, love, and death are all revealed as Richter unfolds the world of these American primitives in a prose expressing the idiom of the period. The writer seems to have set himself the task of presenting the world of the Lucketts as it appeared to them: what they felt and thought about it, and how they expressed it. He succeeds in making the reader "see" the family disintegrate under the solitude and hardship of the forest, finally to abandon the life of hunters and turn to farming and the civilization of the pioneer settlement.

An oration by one of the characters entitled "Hail to Civil Law, and Death and Damnation to Military Domination" reveals the trend toward civilization that was rising as a reaction against the long period of military domination necessary during a revolutionary period. To those who wished to take Canada by arms, the people were beginning to say, ". . . God forbid! If our American eagle wants to scream, let it scream over the fields, forests, and workshops of its own white and red peoples for civil equality and justice!" Words which might well be said now to those who would place our frontiers across the Atlantic. Yet this is not a "historical" novel, but a lyrical epic of early American life. Technically, some of the episodes are too brief, and we cannot accept Richter's idea that the trees had some mystically oppressive effect upon the folk of that period. On the whole, however, the book makes pleasant reading.

RALPH ELLISON.

Labor and Machines

ORGANIZED LABOR AND PRODUCTION, *by Morris L. Cooke and Philip Murray. Harper & Bros. $2.50.*

CONSULTING engineer Morris L. Cooke is one of America's foremost authorities on Scientific Management (capitals indicate its importance in the industrial world). Chairman Philip Murray of the Steel Workers Organizing Committee is vice president of the United Mine Workers of America and also vice president of the Congress of Industrial Organizations. These two men together have written a significant book on "labor's part in cooperating for greater efficiency in industry."

As a strong, convincing argument for collective bargaining and what it can achieve for organized workers, this study marshals important facts on trade unionism today, working conditions, and labor's rights under the National Labor Relations Act. It includes an analysis of what is really happening in technological developments and the use of electricity in industry. Chapters on each of these topics make good reading.

Recognizing that unemployment, especially technological unemployment, is the outstanding contradiction of the present business system, Cooke and Murray agree that "a final solution of the unemployment problem must be left to the future." But forces already set in motion by the government, by industry, and by organized labor may, if properly directed, as the authors indicate, stave off the hardships resulting from further displacement of men and women by labor-saving machinery.

When these two authorities attempt to

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discuss the abolition of unemployment under socialism in the Soviet Union, they desert their scientific approach and indulge in statements which have no basis in fact. Confusing the socialist state with fascism in Nazi Germany, they assert, falsely, that unemployment has also been abolished under Hitler. A good factual study of the Soviet Union, such as Pat Sloan's *Russia Without Illusions* (Modern Age, 1939) is a necessary antidote to the anti-Soviet bias the authors display.

In a closing dialogue, Cooke and Murray agree to disagree on certain points of program. They agree that their principal purpose in writing this book was to demonstrate to the open-minded that collective bargaining works. But the engineer sees "management engineering," or Scientific Management, and the Taylor system as most important and leading toward a free society and a better life. Murray, the labor leader, declares that "our principal dependence for the extension of collective bargaining must be placed on labor's own activities, on its insistence on collective bargaining and its efforts to make its practice serve broad social purposes." The CIO's record already proves that it can serve such broad purposes.

GRACE HUTCHINS.

Political Correspondent

CHIP OFF MY SHOULDER, *by Thomas L. Stokes. Princeton University Press. $3.*

THIS is a political correspondent's autobiography considerably superior to the worst ones (Mark Sullivan) and not nearly on the high perceptive level of the best ones (Lincoln Steffens). I should say that Mr. Stokes has one really good eye. With it he has been able to see the matchless arrogance of the South's bourbons. (When he first began his newspaper work Mr. Stokes witnessed a lynching that inflamed his conscience.) In Washington, the good eye pierced the darkness shrouding the governments of Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover—that upstanding triumvirate of monopoly dictatorship. He admired the congressional gadflies who buzzed around in the wilderness occasionally stinging some sensitive spot. Particularly did he respect the leadership of the order of "sons of the wild jackass"—Norris, La Follette, Walsh—who battled the plunderbund ensconced in the Treasury, Interior, and law departments. That good eye makes for indignation, for passionate charges against cheap politicians, against the cliques who tie up useful legislation by meddling with the rules. The other eye, the bad one, suffers from typical liberal myopia. What torments American life is a lame distributive system, the monstrous machine, the political hack, the irresponsible employer—everything but the real thing. The bad eye also saw evil in the political activities of WPA workers. For his investigation into the Kentucky WPA Mr. Stokes got the Pulitzer Prize and the country the notorious Hatch law.

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Two Brilliant Medical Pictures

Pare Lorentz produces "The Fight for Life" and Warner Bros. deliver "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet."

THE ferment of social ideas in the American film, which reached its peak during the last year, has produced two more movies which can be included in the rare company of *The Grapes of Wrath, Of Mice and Men,* and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois.* Both are medical films, and both might be said to be written by Paul de Kruif, since he is the acknowledged source of *The Fight for Life,* and is asking Warner Bros. to give him credit also for material used in *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet.*

The dreaded word "syphilis" may now be spoken in public after a half-million moviegoers have heard it from the screen in *Dr. Ehrlich,* and once the word is spoken the cue is given to act on this ridiculous and powerful disease which has reigned because the bourgeois moral code is unwilling to recognize sex as a function of life. Dr. Ehrlich, the German Jew, found its cure but the battle was not confined to the laboratory, because a scientist and a Jew must move mountains to put his works to practice.

We are so accustomed to seeing Edward G. Robinson on the giving and receiving end of fusillades, in that interchangeable role of cop and robber, that we have forgotten that he was originally a character actor. He plays Dr. Ehrlich with the authority of true acting craftsmanship, and he is supported by an extraordinary cast led by a German refugee, Albert Bassermann. Herr Bassermann should be enough reason for an immediate reciprocal trade agreement with Hitler on actors. I would trade any fifty Finnish benefit stars, led by the great Lunts.

Pare Lorentz used to be a movie critic and he has a fine smeller for cliches. His first government-sponsored films, *The Plow that Broke the Plains* and *The River,* tossed a lot of movie cliches out the window and forced Hollywood to recognize the validity of the documentary technique. But should documentaries have a set technique? This cruel question is posed at the outset of a rave notice for *The Fight for Life* because Mr. Lorentz is now struck with a poetic style of commentary which, at least to this reviewer, drags and drags. It is used sparingly but I hope the next Lorentz film will eschew blank verse.

The Fight for Life is the story of childbirth in America. We have terrific obstetric hospitals and clinics, and Frank Hague has built a beauty in Jersey City, but we turn the newborn babe and the mother back into the same old everyday horror once the delivery is made. The picture poses the question directly: "We can bring their babies safely . . . but how can we keep them alive?" Made in the slums of Chicago, the camera shows us the killer slum at work on the new lives. One of the President's recent gestures to reaction, the knifing of the Public Health Bill, is ironically pointed up by this film.

The story dramatizes the career of a young doctor, played by Myron McCormick, who is shaken by seeing a mother die in a fashionable hospital. Troubled, he asks himself if this is the order of things—a life must be given for a life. No, says Dudley Digges, the elderly doctor, and advises him to join the staff of a maternity clinic in the slums to see the preventable causes of death in childbirth. The three main causes, eclampsia—convulsions occurring in pregnancy—infection, and hemorrhage, are dramatized in the cases the young doctor meets in the slums.

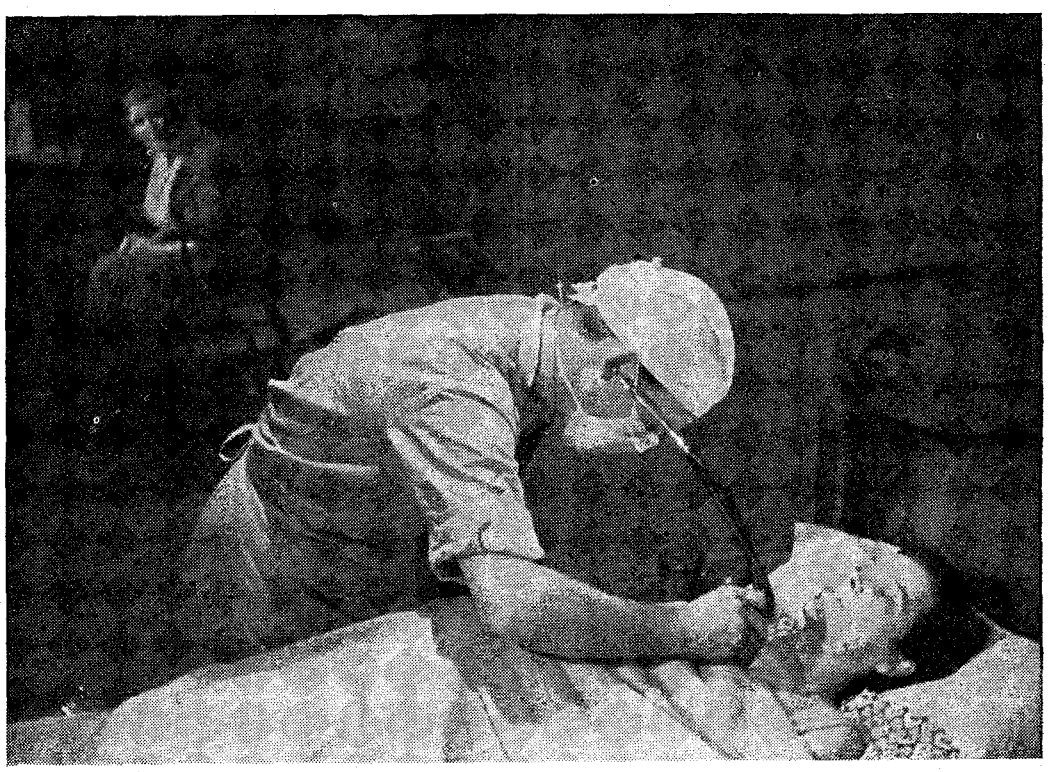
There he meets Will Geer, the experienced and wise physician who tells him, "You are going to live night and day in the homes of your mothers. You are going to recognize the meaning of a cry, of every movement of your patient." The young doctor's next question, that of how children are to get fresh vegetables, sunshine, milk, and fresh air in the terrible environment in which they live, the film cannot answer. But the audience can. And this is the tremendous importance of this picture.

Lorentz has used his camera with great effectiveness, and the characterization of the picture as a musical film is carried by the score by Louis Gruenberg, based on the theme of a human heartbeat, an idea immensely effective in integrating music into the serious film. Once in a night soliloquy by the troubled young doctor, the music is carried by a jazz pianist, none other than Joe Sullivan. This is the first instance of real jazz ever being heard in the movies to my knowledge, and it should pin back the ears of the philistines who think jazz incapable of conveying major emotions.

It is a fine and exciting film, this *Fight for Life,* and a great deal of its power belongs to the actors, Messrs. McCormick, Geer, Digges, and the exemplary feminine cast.

In these two medical pictures we have a further affirmation of the fact that there are great social questions waiting for great films. Here is a pair of pictures that tackle the question. I have an idea there is a great audience waiting for these films, also.

JAMES DUGAN.



"THE FIGHT FOR LIFE." *A young doctor, played by Myron McCormick, attending a patient during his practice in the slums.*

"The Fifth Column"

The Theater Guild's version of Ernest Hemingway's play.

THE play that Ernest Hemingway wrote and published as *The Fifth Column* has finally reached the stage of the Alvin Theater in an adaptation by Benjamin Glazer. If Hemingway's original script was unfortunate —it would not act and it failed to develop enough vital conflict, either political or human —the Glazer version of that play not only submerges what virtue there was in Hemingway's script, but has vulgarized the whole and

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added a juicy little item or so on its own account. In view of Hemingway's preeminence as an American author, his inflexible position in defense of Spain, and the unimpeachable stand he has taken on the side of the people, what has been done to his play is nothing short of criminal, and he should be the first to feel it and to protest. For, the human values, as established in this published script, were at least valid, though undoubtedly less dramatic. The horror of siege, the tension and the nerve-strain, the ambiguous and casual relationships that people eagerly form in order to snatch a moment's relaxation from the hell of war, something of the justice of Spain's cause, something of the endless struggle for human liberation—these values *were* present.

Yet Hemingway himself made early disclaimers. In his printed introduction to the play he wrote, "They will also say . . . that it does not present the nobility and dignity of the cause of the Spanish people. It does not attempt to. . . . This is only a play about counter-espionage in Madrid. It has the defects of having been written in wartime, and if it has a moral, it is that people who work for certain organizations have very little time for home life." It might be remarked here that this disclaimer is rather less than valid; for if Hemingway did not intend to attack seriously, in dramatic form, the nature of the Spanish conflict as it was revealed in counter-espionage activities in Madrid, he had no business venturing into the field. Loyalist counter-espionage was a vital aspect of that struggle, a struggle that every day reveals to have been crucial in modern history. In his original play Hemingway *did* establish mood and character—the mood of a city under siege; the characters of Philip Rawlings, American member of the republican intelligence service; Dorothy Bridges, a bird-brained but lovely newspaper gal; Max, a determined international revolutionary worker, Philip's colleague in detecting and counteracting the work of the Fifth Columnists. There was also Preston, a correspondent with whom Dorothy was living as the play opened, and whom she gladly cast aside in favor of Philip Rawlings.

MELODRAMA

What we have now, under the stress of the Theater Guild's commercial timidity (read, eye on the boxoffice) and the Glazer hack-theatrical technique, is a blownup and distorted echo of *A Farewell to Arms*. It is a sentimental melodrama that relies for its effects upon the ancient love-or-duty conflict. Dorothy Bridges is a stranger to Philip Rawlings and has come to Spain to find her brother, a member of the Lincoln Battalion! Preston becomes a minor character. Rawlings performs what is practically a rape upon Dorothy under the influence of alcohol and "what war does to people," thus altering completely the nature of the original relationship, which though scarcely "moral" in the bourgeois sense, was nevertheless humanly understandable in war or out of it. Now the

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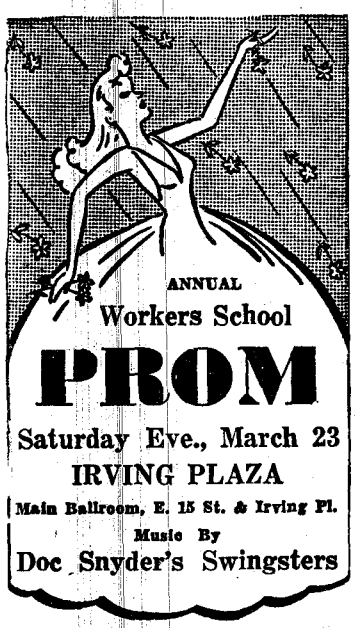

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audience knows that Dorothy will immediately come to love Philip and he her, that the strain under which he was laboring will become intolerable, and he will try to desert Spain to run away with her. Which is stronger, "Love" or "Duty"? "Duty" wins; the audience sighs and goes its way, sadder but no wiser.

Also, the audience takes with it a conviction that the cause of loyalist Spain was a hopeless chaos, an international imbroglio where everybody was wrong and nobody was right. It learns that the republican government tortured its prisoners, that there were foreigners "on both sides," who had "no business being there," and it laughs at those representatives of the Spanish people who are portrayed. For who represents this great people, the only people who put up a fight against international fascism and its butchers? To enumerate them: a drunken electrician whom Philip holds up to ridicule—"Look at him," he says, while the man stands there paralyzed with alcohol, "Spain! See how the noble Spanish worker bears his indignities" (I quote by ear); a hotel manager and maid who are comic figures and whose very hunger is made a gag; another drunken man in a cafe, who is senselessly killed for squirting people with a Flit-gun; and Antonio, Philip's chief in the intelligence service, who is portrayed as a villain and called "a long-lipped butchering bastard" by Rawlings.

It is true that some of the responsibility for this rests on Hemingway's shoulders, for these Spanish characters were analogously portrayed in his original play; but as I said, the values have been hideously distorted. You *did* believe in the hotel employees' hunger; in the validity and righteousness of Spain's fight; the tragic death of the electrician, who was shot from a window at night because he wore overalls. The Flit-gun was mentioned, but did not appear in the original. Nor was Antonio the sinister figure in the printed version that he has been made by Mr. Glazer and the Guild. For while Hemingway indicated that Philip did not like what he was doing, Antonio never revealed anything more sinister than sympathy and understanding for his subordinate's personal conflict; he never showed dislike; he never threatened; he was always a likable and sympathetic person. Glazer has heightened Philip's dislike of his job to the point of treasonous rebellion toward and slander of the cause—for "dramatic," or rather, meretricious reasons. He is, at best, a confused writer, and it is hard to know whether he is deliberately vicious or merely catering to the cheapest sort of theatricalism. But indications abound, throughout the acting script, of alterations in the spirit of the original—such as deletions of the word "comrade," always correctly used by Hemingway, and its retention only in those places where it is intended to be funny or derogatory or downright slanderous. If you were a partisan of Spain—and who was not?—your heart will ache at the distortions, the insinuations, the omissions.

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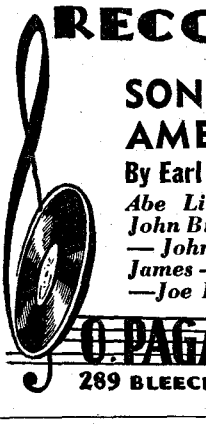

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On the credit side, there are several commendable speeches—Philip's eulogy of the Lincoln Battalion; Antonio's speech to the demobilized American aviators (not in the original), a really moving, if muddled, expression of the significance of the fight against fascism. The latter lasts about two minutes and, characteristically, is immediately vitiated by one aviator's response to Antonio's admonition to tell the American people that it is *their* fight now. Says the pilot, "Okay, Colonel, we'll tell 'em." (Laugh.) Yet valuable as these occasional speeches are, they are not integrated or important to the drama as a whole and, curiously, still further distort the few valid aspects left of Hemingway's original, and the still scarcer insights into the nature of the great and tragic struggle here used as a background for a commonplace love story—the ultimate in irony. Hemingway, always a stanch defender of Spain and fully cognizant of the major issues involved, will probably be sorry for not having exercised strict supervision over the adaptation of his work which, however static as drama, was not entirely negative as a presentation of the Spanish cause. For here was the first and best opportunity we have had to see the struggle in Spain at least partially portrayed upon the stage—an influential author, a sure-fire cast—and had it been honestly portrayed, had even those values that Hemingway set forth been retained, its influence would have been enormous.

Franchot Tone plays Philip; he is a talented actor who could, if he cared to, do more than walk through a part. Katherine Locke, as Dorothy, is embarrassingly bad, and again demonstrates her inability to overcome a frightful rigidity and self-consciousness. Lenore Ulric, as a local tart, comes to life at moments; Arnold Moss, as Antonio, should be commended for a restrained, moving, and intelligent performance in a difficult role—but all honors of this production go, unquestionably, to Lee J. Cobb, whose Max will remain forever in the memory of anyone who sees this play as one of the most brilliant and beautiful realizations of human character ever to grace the American stage. In this character of an international revolutionary worker who is utterly uncompromising in his understanding of his own tragic character, and of the world-struggle for human liberation, Hemingway saw straight and true, and wrote close to the bone of human character. (It is a major mystery that the Guild and Mr. Glazer left the part intact.) With such material into which to get his teeth, and with his own great gifts, young Mr. Cobb was able to achieve a performance that is pure, stunning, dignified, and heartbreaking. For this truly creative piece of work *alone,* plus what is left of an intended pro-loyalist, pro-democratic, anti-fascist play, you should spend your money to see *The Fifth Column,* a major theater-piece that got lost in the making through the third-rate dramaturgy of Benjamin Glazer, and the Broadway mind of the Theater Guild.

ALVAH BESSIE.

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